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If I Only Had a Million

A Comedy in Three Acts

By

JAY CLAY POWERS

*Author of "Bonnie's Christmas Eve," "A Day
in Court," etc.*

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BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1916

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If I Only Had a Million

CHARACTERS

(As originally produced at the Carnegie Library, San Antonio, Texas,
May 20, 1915)

JOHN W. SMITH, *who wants a million* . . . Dr. W. C. Gerstenkorn
MRS. SMITH, *his wife* . . . Mrs. Jennie B. Cyrus
CATHERINE, *their daughter* . . . Miss Elizabeth Fairweather
MRS. DUGAN, *their landlady* . . . Mrs. W. E. Patterson
EDDIE, *her son* . . . M. J. Evans
MRS. DE LACEY, *of the smart set* . . . Mrs. Lenna Finley
JEAN, *her daughter* . . . Miss Lala Rasey
EDWARD EVANSTON GARLAND, *a clergyman* . . . Edwin Fairweather
LORD FERDINAND RAINSCOURT, *a fortune hunter* . . . R. L. Stevenson
ADAM MERTENS, *a socialist* . . . Chudleigh Clifford
H. A. VANDERLIP, *an attorney* . . . Fay Clay Powers
WILLIAM, *an English servant* . . . Jewell Bauldwin
NANNETTE, *a French servant* . . . Miss Minibel Stout
A number of Socialists.

SYNOPSIS

TIME.—Present. PLACE.—A large city.

ACT I.—John W. Smith's living-room.

What He Would Do If —

ACT II.—J. Watterson Smythe's drawing-room.

What He Did Do When —

ACT III.—J. Watterson Smythe's drawing-room.

IF is Reconciled to WHEN.

NOTE.—Vanderlip and William may double.

Mrs. Dugan and Nannette may double.



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no. 1

If I Only Had a Million

ACT I

SCENE.—JOHN W. SMITH'S *combination living- and dining-room. Dining-table, R. C., in course of being set for dinner. Clock on wall, hands pointing to seven o'clock. Easy chair, L. C. Moderate priced furnishings, but in good taste. Swinging-door, R. 2 E. Door, L. 2 E. Door, L. B. Other chairs where needed.*

(*After rise of curtain, CATHERINE, a pretty girl of seventeen, enters, R., carrying dishes. Business of setting the table. Looks at clock.*)

CATH. Seven o'clock and father not yet home. I fear there will be unpleasantness to-night. What could have detained him? (*Business.*) If he has found a job mother will not be so angry. (*Business.*) I wish I had been born a boy; girls are so helpless.

Enter, L., MRS. SMITH, a portly woman of forty, with a society journal in her hand.

MRS. S. Your father has not returned?

CATH. No. Shall we eat without him?

MRS. S. Certainly not! I want him to realize how he has put us out. (*Sits L. C. and looks at journal.*) Here's something that should interest you, Kitty. (*Reads.*) "Mrs. Reginald de Lacey has given up her cottage at Newport for the coming season and will remain in town." (CATH. *exits R.*) "The impression prevails that this was made necessary by the demands on her time as a director of the Associated Rescue Missions. Dame Rumor says, however, that Reginald's recent heavy loss in Northern Consolidated is the true cause. It is stated on good authority that Lord Rainscourt is not engaged to Miss Jean de Lacey, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding-

ing. Their friendship is said to be of the purely platonic variety." Well, what do you think of that? (*Calls.*) Kitty!

Reënter CATH., R., with knives and forks.

CATH. Yes, mother, what is it?

MRS. S. It was extremely impolite of you to leave the room while I was reading to you.

CATH. I didn't mean it that way; I wanted to finish setting the table.

MRS. S. It seems that Lord Rainscourt is not going to marry Jean de Lacey after all. In my opinion he intended to, but changed his mind when he found out that her father was so heavily involved. Don't you think so?

CATH. I don't know. I have told you so often, mother, that I am not the least bit interested in society news.

MRS. S. No, of course you're not. You are like your father; you lack ambition.

CATH. Why should it interest me?

MRS. S. And why not, pray? That is what I would like to know.

CATH. For one thing, our station in life is so different from theirs that —

MRS. S. That the cat mustn't look at the king? Stuff and nonsense! If I had possessed a voice like yours I should have managed to find my way to the very top of the ladder, and not have thrown myself away on John Smith.

CATH. Mother, please don't speak so of father!

MRS. S. Well, didn't I throw myself away? Doesn't he spend three-fourths of his time theorizing on what he would do if he had money, and one-fourth on actually trying to make some? Has he ever made us a respectable living, to say nothing of the luxuries of life?

CATH. I'm afraid you would consider me impertinent if I should say what I think about it.

MRS. S. No, I won't. You might as well say it as think it.

CATH. It is this then: when you married father you were both young, and maybe none too well suited. He had made a living for himself at a kind of work that you thought beneath him. Don't you think, as his life-partner, you should have encouraged him to stick to his trade?

MRS. S. How do you know that I didn't?

CATH. You forget that I became a member of the firm the year after you and father went into business. Instead of

encouraging him to hold on to his job at the clothing store, you began nagging him to turn his hand to something better. Instead of making him feel that you had confidence in his ability, you were the first to raise the doubt of success in him, and once that doubt takes firm hold on a man he becomes a failure.

MRS. S. (*rising*). Oh, it is easy for you to defend your father, but you can never know what his lack of success has meant to me. How would you like to marry a man and then find that he was unable to make a living for you?

CATH. I'd pull off my coat and put my shoulder to the wheel of the matrimonial wagon, too. I wouldn't sit on the driver's seat and increase the load. He has provided rather well of late, hasn't he?

MRS. S. Give the devil his due, he has. That is what puzzles me. Where does he get the money? He never seems to have any about him. I can never find any in his pockets after he's gone to bed. Yet he manages to pay the rent and the grocery bill,—but why doesn't that Dugan boy come with our groceries?

CATH. He said he'd bring our order on his way home. I'm sure he'll be here directly. (*Ring at door, L. B.*) There he is now! (*Goes to door, L. B., and opens it.*) Hello, Eddie!

Enter EDDIE DUGAN, a good-looking young man of twenty-two, with basket of provisions on his arm.

ED. Hello, Kitty! Sorry I'm late with your order, Mrs. Smith. (*Gives basket to her.*) Just as we were closing Reverend Garland 'phoned in a large charity order and I stayed over time to put it up. I hope I did right?

MRS. S. (*acidly*). No doubt of it. [*Exit, R.*]

CATH. (*down stage*). Don't mind her; she's cross because father is late.

ED. I don't mind. (*Takes bouquet from under coat.*)

CATH. Are those for me?

ED. For the sweetest girl in all the world.

CATH. (*taking flowers*). Thank you so much. They are lovely. (*Kisses the flowers.*)

ED. I call that wasted effort.

CATH. Call what?

ED. Kissing the flowers.

CATH. (*looking to see if coast is clear*). What do you call this? (*Kisses him.*)

ED. The happiest moment of my life.

(*Puts arms around her. Detecting the approach of MRS. S. the lovers spring apart, and try to look unconcerned.*)

Enter MRS. S., R.

MRS. S. (*coldly*). I thought you had gone, Mr. Dugan.

(*Crosses to C.*)

ED. No, ma'am, I hadn't. I'm just going now. (*Opens door.*) As I was saying, Kitty, mother expects you down to-night to sing for her.

CATH. Why, you weren't—(ED. *signals desperately*) weren't expecting me down to-night, were you?

ED. (*confused*). No, we weren't. I mean yes, we were.

MRS. S. (*frigidly*). I think I feel a draft from the open door.

ED. 'Tis getting rather chilly in here, Mrs. Smith. I'll close it after me. Good-bye, Kitty.

CATH. Good-bye, Eddie. I'll be down to-night.

(MRS. DUGAN, *a kindly old Irish woman of sixty, appears in door, L. B.*)

MRS. D. Oh, and is it you, me b'y? (ED. *kisses her.*) And for why did ye keep good Mistress Smith waitin' for her victules?

CATH. He couldn't help it, Mrs. Dugan. He had to work over time.

MRS. D. Shure and Oi knew 'twuz somethin' o' the kind. Run along now wid ye, Eddie, and Oi'll be after fixin' your supper for ye the minute. (ED. *exits L. B.* MRS. D. *comes down stage.*) How be ye, Kitty, me darlint? (*Pats CATH. on head.*) Be your mon to home yit, Mistress Smith?

MRS. S. (*tartly*). No, he's not!

MRS. D. And Oi don't blame yez for answerin' short and sharp loike. The min be a nuisance whin they're late. Yez moight moind to tell him, though, thot Oi'll be up to see him after supper. Good-bye to yez.

CATH. Good-bye, Mrs. Dugan. I'll be down to sing for you after I get the dishes washed.

MRS. D. Oi'll be expectin' ye, me darlint. [*Exit, L. B.*]

MRS. S. (*after a pause*). Kitty, what was Eddie Dugan saying to you just before I entered the room a moment ago?

CATH. He—he said it was the happiest moment of his life.

MRS. S. What led him to make such an idiotic remark?

CATH. He gave me some flowers, and I—I—I thanked him for them. Oh, mother, I wish you could like Eddie.

MRS. S. I don't dislike him. If I was sure that nothing more serious had passed between you than flowers, I think I could find it in my heart to like him very much.

CATH. I should have told you before, but I was afraid to. I—I—Eddie and I are engaged, mother.

MRS. S. Can I believe my ears? A daughter of mine engaged to a nobody? Don't you realize that those people are not our kind of people? That they are beneath us?

CATH. If being warm-hearted, good and true is what counts, I don't realize it.

MRS. S. That doesn't enter into the question.

CATH. If it's money that counts, they own the roof over our heads.

MRS. S. That has nothing to do with it, either. You wilfully misunderstand me! Mrs. Dugan is an ignorant, uneducated old woman; and her son is only a grocery boy.

CATH. He's not a grocery boy. He's a clerk in the store. Just because he's kind enough to deliver our things to us, you call him a grocery boy. But he's not, and you know it.

MRS. S. You forget to whom you're speaking. You may go to your room. (CATH. *starts to door*, L.) Just a moment! I want you to promise me two things: not to mention your—your engagement to your father, and not to—to marry until you are of age or have obtained our consent. Will you promise?

CATH. Yes. [Exit, L.]

MRS. S. I was afraid she would fall in love with that Dugan boy. She is her father over again. Is it not enough to have to go through life with such a man? Must I see my daughter become his living prototype? Why doesn't he come home? He's over an hour late already. He'll get a warm reception when he does come! [Exit, R.]

(After a pause, with latch-key in hand, JOHN W. SMITH, a spare-built man of forty-five, enters door, L. B.)

SMITH. When all's said and done, there's no place like home. (Puts on house-coat and slippers.) After the cares of the busy mart, as the poet would say, how refreshing the laughter of childish innocence. How enheartening the arms of

wifely devotion around one's neck. But whither the child, and where the gentle wife? (*Rises. Calls.*) Kitty! Maria! I'm home!

Enter CATH., L. Crosses to SMITH.

CATH. Father!

SMITH (*embracing her*). My little doll!

Enter MRS. S., R.

MRS. S. So you've come at last!

SMITH. Please do let me explain, Maria, I——

MRS. S. Oh, your Majesty will explain why he elected to come home?

SMITH. I'm elected all right, all right.

MRS. S. Perchance you will condescend to tell your minions whether or not dinner may now be served?

[*Exit CATH., R.*

SMITH (*meekly*). Why, really, my love——

MRS. S. Don't you "my love" me! When you left this morning you promised to come home on time for dinner.

SMITH. But, my precious——

MRS. S. Don't "my precious" me, either. Why are you over an hour late? It does seem to me that when you are not working, when you are playing the gentleman of leisure, you might, at least, come home to your dinner on time. Well, why don't you speak? What is your excuse? What new lie are you prepared to tell?

SMITH. The cars were blocked, my dear, and——

MRS. S. The cars? Do you mean to stand there and tell me that you rode home on the cars, when there's not a cent in the house, and the rent unpaid? Your wife and child must walk wherever they go, but you, a big, strong man,—you can ride.

(*CATH. reënters R., with food.*)

SMITH. I didn't say I rode, I——

MRS. S. Now he denies it. Oh, what deceit! You just said the cars were blocked——

SMITH. And so they were, my pet,—if you would let me explain.

MRS. S. Let you explain? What have I been trying to get you to do?

SMITH. Well, the cars were blocked, Maria —

MRS. S. You wouldn't need to repeat that if you were telling the truth! Why don't you go on?

SMITH. And I, a pedestrian, my dear, stopped to ascertain what was the matter. It seems that quite a crowd had collected to hear Adam Mertens, the Socialist, speak. The crowd was so great that it interfered with traffic, until a riot-call brought enough policemen to clear a way. I then stayed to hear Mr. Mertens.

MRS. S. So that is where you have been, to a Socialist meeting. Instead of finding a position, you loiter with hoodlums. The next thing we know you'll be lecturing on street corners yourself, expounding your absurd doctrine of how people, who have become rich by energy and thrift, should give away their money.

SMITH. Honest to goodness, Maria, I've looked for a job all day. I just happened to bump into that crowd on my way home. I wish you and Kitty could have heard Mertens, though. His address was most interesting.

MRS. S. I don't doubt it! Anything is more interesting to you than your wife and daughter. Kitty has your dinner on the table. You and she may eat. I don't want any. I'm going to bathe my head; it is nearly splitting.

[Exit, L. CATH. exits, R.]

SMITH. Damn! (*Pause.*) Two more damns! Is this the treatment you deserve, John, after walking all day long looking for employment? No, John, it is not. Maria was never meant to be the helpmate of a philosopher. "Absurd doctrine" she calls the conclusions I have reached after years of meditation. If I only had a million I would show her a thing or two.

Enter CATH., R., with more food.

CATH. Come, father, dinner is ready.

SMITH. And I am ready for dinner, my love. (*Sits at table, L. CATH. sits R. of table.*) When you kissed me, Kitty, I noticed that you had been crying. What about?

CATH. I had a dispute with mother. I'm afraid I was impertinent to her.

(*They eat.*)

SMITH. Dispute with your mother? Impossible. What could have induced you to so far forget yourself?

CATH. She said that Mrs. Dugan was an ignorant, uneducated old woman, and that Eddie was only a grocery boy, and that they were beneath us.

SMITH. And you had the temerity to dispute that assertion?

CATH. Yes.

SMITH. But, my pet, your mother was right. She is always right. Even though all the rules of logic, and then some, were diametrically opposed to the truth of her assertion, she would still be right. I will elucidate: Mrs. Dugan, you will agree, is ignorant of many facts, uneducated in many things, is old, and a woman.

CATH. Ye-es.

SMITH. Hence she is an ignorant, uneducated, old woman. Isn't that right?

CATH. Ye-es. But Eddie is not a grocery boy.

SMITH. We shall see. Eddie is under twenty-one, hence, at law, an infant. He is not a girl, then he must be a boy. Business of his employer: groceryman; of Eddie: grocery boy. Is your mother right? I guess yes!

CATH. Even so, they are not beneath us.

SMITH. They most certainly are. They're in the next flat below. Without exception, Kitty, your mother is always right.

CATH. There's just one thing wrong with your reasoning.

SMITH. What's that?

CATH. Eddie is twenty-two. (*Laughs.*)

SMITH (*laughing*). Well, no matter, she's right anyhow.

Enter MRS. S., L., "society" journal in hand. Sits L. C. and pretends to read. She is furious because they are eating without her.

CATH. Is your head any better, mother? (*Pause.*) Won't you have a cup of hot tea? I'm sure it would help it.

MRS. S. I don't care for anything. You and your father eat, and let me alone!

SMITH (*after a pause, to CATH.*). This is a lovely cut of meat, Kitty, is it not?

CATH. Yes, father, it is.

(*MRS. S. glares at SMITH.*)

SMITH. The Worcestershire sauce gives it just the proper seasoning, does it not, my pet?

CATH. Yes, father.

(MRS. S. *twists journal into the form of a billy, glaring the while.*)

SMITH. I don't know when I've enjoyed a dinner so much.

MRS. S. (*hitting SMITH on head and shoulders with twisted journal*). You will insult me, will you? You will? You will?

(SMITH *retreats up stage*. MRS. S., *bursting into tears, resumes seat*. CATH. *goes to MRS. S.*)

CATH. Now, now, that's a good mother —

MRS. S. Get away from me! Don't you ever come around me again. Just stay with your father and encourage him to ill-use me all he wants to. (*Rises.*) I don't want anything more to do with either of you! [Exit, L.

(CATH., *crying, resumes seat at table.*)

SMITH. Don't cry, Kitty, you were not to blame.

(*Puts hand on her head.*)

CATH. You get away! It's all your fault. You just get her worked up on purpose. Now she's mad at me again.

SMITH (*resuming seat*). Kitty, listen to me! No matter what I had said or done it would have been the same. She didn't come in here to read that paper, she came to find an excuse to explode. I haven't the gift of making money; that's at the bottom of all our family jars. I don't bring home the bacon. In a woman's eyes the faculty of money-making covers a multitude of sins. No, it isn't the faculty—it's the money itself. If I only had a million — But say! did I tell you who's coming here to-night?

CATH. Who?

SMITH. Adam Mertens.

CATH. What is he coming for?

SMITH. To try to convert me to socialism.

CATH. What do they believe?

SMITH. That the early bird catches the worm, but should be made to divide with those who are drowsier by nature than he.

CATH. Do you think you'll become a socialist?

SMITH. If my own theories can be reconciled to their belief I probably will. (*Rises. Strikes attitude.*) I stand for the promulgation of true principles of philanthropy. This age

needs men who will use their surplus riches for the common weal. Not from a desire to be lauded by press or pulpit, not through compulsion of law, but because every man, rich or poor, is every other man's brother. If I only had a million I'd set an example that would revolutionize the world.

Enter MRS. S., L.

MRS. S. It might interest you to know, Mr. Smith, that Mrs. Dugan was up for the rent.

SMITH (*irritated*). Very well, my dear, very well.

MRS. S. She said she would be up again this evening. You will have to see her.

SMITH. All right, I'll see her.

MRS. S. Finish clearing the table, Kitty! I can eat my dinner cold in the kitchen. (CATH. *clears table and exits* R. SMITH *whistles a few bars of "What you goin' to do when de rent comes 'round?"*) I wish I could understand that man!

[*Exit, R.*

SMITH. It's easy to assume a confident air and fool Maria, but that doesn't pay Mrs. Dugan her rent. Twenty-five of Uncle Sam's largest pictures of the Goddess of Liberty, done in silver, would be quite an asset just now. (*Door-bell rings, L. B.*) There she is now! (*Opens door, L. B.*) Oh, it's you, Eddie! I thought it was your mother.

Enter ED., L. B.

ED. She'll be up presently. I thought perhaps you might want to borrow—that it might not be convenient for you to pay mother the rent to-night. If it isn't, I can lend you the money.

SMITH. Thanks, Eddie, I'd rather not borrow any more money from you. You've already let me have more than I will ever be able to repay, I fear.

ED. Your luck will change some day and you can pay me back. Here, take this twenty-five before she comes!

SMITH. Well, thank you, Eddie. I hope you are keeping an account of what you have let me have.

ED. I have it all set down. It's not so much.

(SMITH *puts bills in his pocketbook, and his pocketbook back into his pocket. Door-bell rings.*)

SMITH. There's your mother now. Open the door for her!

(ED. *opens door*. MRS. D. *enters* L. B.)

MRS. D. Oi thought thot you had gone out, Eddie. Mither Smith, sorry Oi be to throuble ye, but could ye shpare me the rint?

Enter MRS. S., R.

SMITH (*to* MRS. S.). My dear, did I leave my pocketbook on the dresser? No, I have it here. I am very glad to be able to oblige you, Mrs. Dugan. (*Hands bills to* MRS. D.) I think you will find twenty-five there, all right.

Enter CATH., R. *Removes table-cloth and puts on day-cover.*
ED. *assists her.*

MRS. D. (*counting bills*). For shure, and 'tis all roight. You niver git no more than a couple o' weeks behind, Mither Smith. Oi wisht all me tinints were the same as ye, and thot Oi do. Don't you, Eddie?

ED. Ye-es, mother.

MRS. D. Ye say it loike ye only half mint it, Eddie, b'y. Oh, Mither Smith, Oi wisht you would razon wid Eddie. He moight listen to good edvice from you whin he won't from his old mither. He used to be so stiddy loike, jist as his feyther wuz before him, God rist his soul, but of late he shpinds his money loike 'twuz wather, and a poor quality of the same, thot he does. Oi thry to hold you up to him as an example, if thot be the wurrud, but he only laughs, he's thot brazen. God forgive me thot says it.

SMITH. Why, really, Mrs. Dugan, I fear that it is in a great measure my own —

ED. Way of spending your money? You mustn't defend me by belittling yourself, Mr. Smith. I am making a long-time investment of my money. One that I believe will bring me a great deal of happiness in years to come. (*Looks tenderly at* CATH.) Now, come, mother, you must tidy up a bit before Kitty comes down to sing for you. (*Leads her to door.*)

MRS. D. (*putting hand on* ED.'s shoulder). Well, well, me b'y, ye be a good lad at heart, innyway, and thot's somethin', Mither Smith, ben't it now?

SMITH. It is indeed a great deal, Mrs. Dugan. (*Sighs.*) A great, great deal. [*Exeunt* MRS. D. and ED., L. B.]

MRS. S. John Smith, you are robbing banks!

SMITH. In the daytime, Maria?

MRS. S. Then I am certain you are counterfeiting money !

CATH. Mother, you know father wouldn't do such things.

MRS. S. You keep out of this ! John, where did you get that money ?

SMITH. I borrowed it, my dear.

MRS. S. Nobody would lend you money without security. I see that you mean to continue deceiving me. I can go back to the kitchen. It's where I belong in this household !

[*Exit, R.*

CATH. Father, where did you get that money ?

SMITH. Now, Kitty, don't you begin. I came by it honestly. That's all I'm going to say about it. (*Door-bell rings.*) See who is at the door !

(*CATH. opens the door, disclosing the REV. EDWARD EVANSTON GARLAND, a tall, serious, earnest, good-natured, Episcopal clergyman of thirty-five.*)

GAR. Is this the home of Mr. John W. Smith ?

CATH. Yes, won't you come in ?

SMITH. Must be the furniture collector.

GAR. Thank you. (*Enters.*)

SMITH. Parson for a subscription, and I haven't a nickel.

CATH. Father, this gentleman —

GAR. Edward Evanston Garland is my name, Mr. Smith. I don't believe we have ever met before.

SMITH. I'm glad to make your acquaintance, sir. (*Shakes hands with GAR.*) My daughter, Kitty, Mr. Garland.

GAR. Charmed, I am sure. (*Bows.*)

CATH. Thank you.

SMITH. You are doubtless seeking a subscription for some worthy charity ?

GAR. Yes, it might be put in that way. The fact is, I have heard that Miss Smith has a remarkable voice, and I called to request her to contribute a solo to an entertainment we are giving at our mission, one week from to-night.

SMITH (*relieved*). Oh, is that it ? What do you say, Kitty ?

CATH. I would be very glad to sing for them.

SMITH. And I would like you to, my dear. But your mother must be consulted on the subject.

CATH. I'll go and ask her.

[*Exit, R.*

SMITH. Be seated, Mr. Garland.

(GAR. *sits* L. C. SMITH, R.)

GAR. I feel certain when I have explained to Mrs. Smith the nature of the entertainment, and its purpose, that she will consent.

SMITH. No doubt, no doubt. By the way, is the conversion of souls the only work of your mission, Mr. Garland?

GAR. By no means. Christ preached to the multitude, but when they became faint he commanded his disciples to feed them. Confidentially, Mr. Smith, the lack of funds with which to relieve the necessities of those whom we would bring to Christ is the chief obstacle we have to encounter. If we could fill their stomachs with healthful food, and put decent clothes on their backs, our work would be more than half accomplished.

SMITH. And to think that there are millions lying idle in the vaults, while thousands go improperly fed and clothed! If I had a million, Mr. Garland, I would gladly place funds at your disposal.

GAR. Some have the spirit, without the means. Others, the means, without the spirit. You have the one, I shall pray that you may acquire the other also.

Enter MRS. S., R., *followed by* CATH.

SMITH. My dear, this is Reverend Mr. Garland.

MRS. S. I am glad to know you, Mr. Garland.

GAR. And I to know you, Mrs. Smith. I called to request your daughter to sing for us, as she has no doubt told you. We would like her to accompany us this evening to rehearsal.

MRS. S. Us?

GAR. I beg your pardon, I forgot to mention that some ladies who are assisting me are waiting down-stairs.

MRS. S. What is the nature of the entertainment?

GAR. A sacred concert, in hope of attracting more of the tenement people to our services.

MRS. S. How did you learn that my daughter sings?

GAR. Young Mr. Dugan told me. He has been of great assistance to us in our charity work. He has persuaded his employer to let him turn over to us on Saturdays at closing time all their perishable fruit and vegetables. He spoke in the highest praise of Miss Smith's voice.

MRS. S. (*sarcastically*). I don't doubt it.

GAR. I beg your pardon?

MRS. S. I know you are engaged in a worthy work, Mr.

Garland, but I don't care to have my daughter come in contact with the class of people that ——

GAR. I appreciate your attitude, Mrs. Smith, but, really, she would not ——

MRS. S. Be brought in direct contact with the tenement people? I know that. But the other participants on the program?

GAR. Are among the city's best.

MRS. S. In a spiritual sense, yes. But ——

GAR. In every sense. Why they ——

MRS. S. I know what you are going to say, but it's no use. Kitty cannot go. Besides, she has a cold.

CATH. Why, mother ——

MRS. S. Kitty, you have!

SMITH. You just think you haven't, Kitty, but mother knows.

MRS. S. You can make fun of me all you want to, Mr. Smith, but Kitty shall not take part in the entertainment.

(*Door-bell rings. CATH. opens door.*)

CATH. Come in!

Enter MRS. REGINALD DE LACEY, a smartly dressed society matron of forty, LORD FERDINAND RAINSCOURT, a suave-mannered Englishman of forty, and JEAN DE LACEY, an athletic type of girl of twenty-one.

MRS. DE L. Really, we beg pardon for this intrusion. We feared we'd all be late to rehearsal if Mr. Garland and Miss Smith didn't soon come.

LORD R. I told Mrs. de Lacey that you would be along directly, Garland, old chap.

JEAN. They're both fibbing, Mr. Garland. Ma said your story of a young lady you'd never met sounded fishy; and Lord Ferdy ——

MRS. DE L. Jeanne, *ma chere*, do hold your tongue! Pay no attention to Jeanne, good Mrs.—Mrs. ——

MRS. S. (*winningly*). Smith!

MRS. DE L. Mrs. Smith. It's her way of trying to appear odd. I am Mrs. Reginald de Lacey. (*Shakes hands with MRS. S., holding hand quite high.*) Allow me to present Lord Rainscourt to you.

(*LORD R. shakes hands as did MRS. DE L.*)

JEAN (*has crossed to SMITH*). These people seem to amuse you almost as much as they do me. I suppose you are Mr. Smith? Jean de Lacey's my name. Ma calls me Jeanne to be swell.

SMITH. Glad to meet you, I'm sure.

(*Reaches up to shake hands as others have done.*)

JEAN. Down here, if you please, a little nearer the earth. The good old American handshake for me every time! (*Shakes hands.*) I'm not popular, though, in our set.

SMITH. Then, when the others of your set call, I shall not be at home to them.

JEAN (*laughing*). You are there with the wit, all right. Let's shake again!

(*They do so. CATH. exits, L.*)

MRS. DE L. So glad that you have reconsidered your decision, Mrs. Smith. We will only keep her a few minutes tonight. After rehearsal we will bring her home in our car.

MRS. S. It's very kind of you. (*CATH. reënters L., with wraps.*) Hurry, Kitty dear! Don't keep Mrs. de Lacey and Lord Rainscourt waiting.

CATH. I'm ready. (*Goes to SMITH.*) Good-bye, father.

(*Kisses him.*)

SMITH. Good-bye.

JEAN (*putting arm around CATH.*). I'll take care of her.

SMITH. I'm sure you will.

(*After bidding the SMITHS good-bye, MRS. DE L., LORD R., GAR., JEAN and CATH. exeunt.*)

MRS. S. Will wonders never cease?

SMITH. If you allude to Kitty's *entré* into select church circles I must remind you that you did all in your power to oppose it.

MRS. S. When I said what I did to Mr. Garland I had not the slightest idea that he had reference to leading members of the smart set.

SMITH. I am well aware you hadn't.

MRS. S. Just think of it, I was reading about the de Laceys and Lord Rainscourt in the society journal not half an hour ago. (*Door-bell rings.*) Kitty must have forgotten something. It's just like her.

(*Opens door. ADAM MERTENS, a tall, lean, dark-skinned man of forty, with piercing eyes, accompanied by a half-dozen roughly-dressed men, is discovered at the door.*)

MERT. We are expected, I believe?

MRS. S. You must have made a mistake. Why, we ——

SMITH. Friend of mine, my dear. Come in, sir. Come right in!

Enter MERT., followed by his companions.

MRS. S. (*to SMITH*). Who are these awful looking people?

SMITH. I know only one of them. I will introduce you.

MRS. S. You will do nothing of the kind.

(*Exit, R. Stands at door and holds it partly ajar.*)

SMITH. Mr. Mertens, it's a great pleasure to have you with me to-night.

MERT. The pleasure is mutual, sir. These are brothers whom I have taken the liberty of bringing with me. I will not consume valuable time by introducing them to you separately. This is Mr. Smith, brothers.

(*The men bow to SMITH, and he to them.*)

SMITH. Be seated, gentlemen, be seated.

(*The men seat themselves in six dining-room chairs, which are in a row, B. C. MERT. sits L. C. SMITH, R.*)

MERT. Mr. Smith was an interested listener at our meeting this afternoon. At his request we have assembled here to further instil into his mind the great truths we, ourselves, have learned and treasure.

SOCIALISTS. We hope Mr. Smith will become one of us.

MRS. S. (*from half-open door, R.*). May I speak to you a moment, Mr. Smith?

SMITH. Certainly, my love. (*Goes to her.*)

MRS. S. You fool you, what do you mean by this outrage? What will the de Laceys think when they return and find the house filled with ruffians?

SMITH. On my honor, Maria, I invited only Mertens to the house. I never dreamed that he'd bring the whole menagerie with him. They are sure to go in a few minutes.

(*Resumes place, R.*)

MERT. (*taking out watch*). We will spend the first hour of the time that we have allotted to you in reviewing the history of Socialism from its beginning, through its various vicissitudes, down to the present time.

SMITH (*aside*). Help! Help!

MERT. The second hour we will devote to——

MRS. S. (*from door*). Just one moment, please, Mr. Smith!

SMITH (*going to her*). What is it now, Maria?

MRS. S. You brazen idiot! Are you, or are you not, going to rid this house of those creatures? If not, say so, and I will call the police, turn in the fire-alarm, or do something equally desperate!

MERT. We are wasting valuable time.

SMITH. Maria, I hope I may die if I ever dreamed this would happen. I invited Mertens here to have a little talk with him. Don't you see how it is? What am I to do?

MRS. S. I don't care what you do, but if those men are not out of there in five minutes I'll insult them to their faces! (*Slams door.*)

MERT. Shall we proceed?

SMITH. I—I—yes, go ahead!

MERT. Well, then, Socialism had its beginning away back——

SMITH. If you will pardon me, Mr. Mertens, I am not interested in the past, nor the future. What interests me is the present. The living, breathing, hustling, bustling present.

MERT. Look at the present, then, and what do we see? On the one hand, Capital, greedy, grasping, soulless! Its one thought, one object, one desire: increased dividends. On the other, men and women who toil, struggle, and die, that others of their kind may recline in the pampered lap of fortune!

SMITH. You are wrong to call Capital, as a whole, greedy, grasping, soulless. There are men, with millions at their backs, who are beginning to feel a faint inkling of moral responsibility for the welfare of their less fortunate brothers. As evidence of the fact, look at our endowed libraries, colleges and universities, to say nothing of industrial pensions and mutual dividend sharing corporations.

MERT. Self-advertisement, self-aggrandizement, love of notoriety! It is a far cry from those questionable donations to the time when the rich will freely give of their ill-gotten fortunes to make life less burdensome to the serfs of this nation. No, the opposite is true: wealth is being concentrated more

and more in the hands of the few to the detriment of the many. (*Door-bell rings. A socialist goes quietly to door and opens it, admitting H. A. VANDERLIP, an ordinary looking man of fifty, who enters quietly, leaving the door ajar.*) In proof of this, look at the combinations and consolidations taking place in big business on every hand. The oil trust, steel trust, tobacco trust, harvester trust, and countless other trusts. The whole force of our Federal Government is unable to successfully dissolve them!

SMITH. Yes, but the biggest trust is yet to come! A trust whose lofty purpose and high aim shall be the abolishment of human poverty and misery from the face of the earth forever! I feel that it must come. I see that it will come. But I have not the means to father the principle and set the wheels in motion. If I had a million, oh, if I only had a million I'd set an example that, if followed, would shake this old Mother Earth from stem to stern. All I'd ask for myself would be such a place as this in which to live, enough to eat, and enough to wear. The residue I'd gladly give, without thought of recompense, toward promoting the peace and happiness of the lowly and downtrodden!

MERT. Are you sure you could live up to your high ideals?

SMITH. As God is my judge, if I only had a million I swear —

VAN. Stop! I am H. A. Vanderlip, of Nome, Alaska, executor of your Uncle Henry's estate. He is dead and has left you a million!

SMITH. Je-hos-e-phat! (*Recoils, dumbfounded.*)

Enter MRS. S., R., hastily.

MRS. S. The five minutes are up! Why, what's the matter?

VAN. Your husband's uncle is dead and has left him a million.

MRS. S. Thank God!

SMITH. She means, "Poor Uncle Henry."

Enter ED., L. B.

ED. Mother wants to know if Kitty is coming down?

MRS. S. (*drawing herself very erect*). Tell her our daughter Catherine will not be down to-night.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—J. WATTERSON SMYTHE'S *drawing-room*. *Elaborate furnishings. Arched entrance, B. C. Door, L. 2 E. Door, R. 2 E. Another arched entrance at R. back, disclosing a portion of music-room, in which are a baby-grand piano and two settees, R. and L.*

(*At rise of curtain, JEAN is seated at piano playing accompaniment for CATH., who is singing. LORD R. is seated on settee L., MRS. DE L. on settee, R. WILLIAM, an English servant, and NANNETTE, a French servant, are standing at B. C. of drawing-room. At the conclusion of CATH.'s song LORD R. and MRS. DE L. applaud. JEAN turns on piano stool and faces them for a moment and then resumes playing, as LORD R. hands CATH. to settee L. and engages her in conversation.*)

NAN. Miss Catherine has one splendeed voice, eh, Mistair Willum?

WILL. Hi fawncey so. 'Is Lordship appears a bit entrawnced with her singin'. Bye the bye, Nannette, 'ow much longer's this 'ouse-party to run?

NAN. Two weeks more, madam say. Zen we all go to England. (MRS. DE L. *rises and goes to JEAN and speaks to her.*) Eet may be zat hees Lordship gets married to Miss Catherine and we stay zere all ze time.

WILL. Hi 'ope so. 'Aving 'is Lordship for a son-in-law'd lend tremenjous distinction to th' family, tremenjous.

(JEAN *rises from piano stool.*)

NAN. Ze chef tells me zat zey have only lately come eento zeir money.

WILL. So Hi was told by th' chauffeur and th' second-girl.

(MRS. DE L. and JEAN *go toward drawing-room.*)

NAN. Hush, zey come! [Exit, quickly, B. C.]

(MRS. DE L. and JEAN *enter the drawing-room.*)

JEAN. What is it, mother?

MRS. DE L. William, please look for my scarf. I think I left it somewhere in the garden. (WILL. *exits*, B. C.) Are you really so stupid? I merely wanted to leave Catherine and Lord Rainscourt together.

JEAN. But I don't want to leave them together.

MRS. DE L. Is it possible that you have at last awakened to your own lost opportunity?

JEAN. Nonsense! I wouldn't have Lord Ferdy if he were a king. Catherine is already engaged. That is my reason.

MRS. DE L. Her affair with that Dugan boy was bad enough when the Smythes were in straightened circumstances. Now, it is absurd. You don't know Mrs. Smythe if you think she will permit it.

JEAN. And you evidently don't know Catherine, if you think she can be influenced against Eddie.

MRS. DE L. We shall see. However, you may as well understand my position in the matter: I haven't taken these people up through any mistaken impulse of affection.

JEAN. I'm well aware of it. I know, too, that our stay here is very convenient for father's pocketbook, to say nothing of the commission you made on the sale of this house.

MRS. DE L. Sh! you may be heard. Who told you about that?

JEAN. A little bird. He told me something else besides.

MRS. DE L. There was nothing else to tell.

JEAN. Oh, yes, there was: the sale of our worn-out automobiles to Mr. Smythe at treble their worth.

MRS. DE L. Business is business, Jeanne. Nobody would expect me to boost this family up the social ladder gratis. Your father is in a dreadful tight place. I must help him all I can.

JEAN. That's why I've held my peace. But you mustn't go too far. Catherine's love affair doesn't concern us.

MRS. DE L. It concerns us most of all.

JEAN. In what way?

MRS. DE L. Mrs. Smythe has promised to induce Mr. Smythe to invest a hundred thousand dollars with your father if I can bring about Catherine's marriage to Lord Rainscourt.

JEAN. I suspected something of the kind. It's wrong, dead wrong! I want to tell you right now that I shall do everything I can to oppose it! (*Goes* B. C.)

MRS. DE L. Where are you going?

JEAN. Out in the garden to the summer-house.

(*Exit*, B. C. MRS. DE L. *exits*, R.)

CATH. (*rising*). I can prove I'm right by Mrs. de Lacey.

LORD R. (*rising*). I am sure she will side with me.

Enter CATH., *followed by* LORD R.

CATH. She is not here. But, anyhow, George Washington was a greater general than Wellington.

LORD R. I am quite willing to admit it under the circumstances.

CATH. What circumstances?

LORD R. The fact, ah—that we're alone, and that I have something more important to say to you.

CATH. (*after a pause*). Well?

LORD R. Really, I fear that I may appear too abrupt. Would you—could you—I know I am going to make a deuced mess of it!

CATH. Of what?

LORD R. Of asking you to become my wife. (CATH. *laughs*.) Funny, isn't it? (CATH. *laughs*. LORD R., *vexed*.) There's a limit, though, even to a joke.

CATH. I beg your pardon; I didn't mean to be rude.

LORD R. I fail to see a reason for levity.

CATH. Are you really in earnest?

LORD R. Never was more so in all my life. My future happiness depends upon your answer.

Enter WILL., B. C., *carrying* MRS. DE L.'s scarf.

WILL. Mrs. de Lacey sent me to fetch 'er scarf.

CATH. She's been looking everywhere for it. I'll take it to her, William. (*Takes scarf*.) You will excuse me, Lord Rainscourt. [*Exit*, R.]

WILL. Is there anything I can do for your Lordship?

LORD R. Yes. You can go to the devil! (WILL. *exits hastily*, B. C.) The blithering ass to enter so inopportunistically. (*Paces up and down*.) Too bad, too bad. Beastly unfortunate, beastly!

Enter MRS. DE L., R., *scarf on arm*.

MRS. DE L. What luck?

LORD R. You probably know better than I—I see you have your scarf.

MRS. DE L. I sent William for it.

LORD R. He returned at the critical moment.

MRS. DE L. Before you proposed?

LORD R. Immediately afterward.

MRS. DE L. What was Catherine's answer?

LORD R. That you were in a desperate hurry for your scarf, and that she would take it to you.

MRS. DE L. Well, at least she didn't refuse you. You have that much in your favor. (SMITH and MRS. S. are heard talking off B. C.) The Smythes have returned! Come with me into the garden and we'll talk matters over.

(MRS. DE L., followed by LORD R., exits through music-room.)

Enter SMITH and MRS. S., B. C., followed by WILL. and NAN.

SMITH. Home again, home again, jiggety-jog! Gee, but I'm tired!

(Gives top-coat and hat to WILL., who exits B. C.)

MRS. S. I'm not a bit tired. The matinée was simply fine! (Gives wraps to NAN.) Where are all of our guests, Nannette?

NAN. Mrs. de Lacey ees in her room. Miss Jeanne ees in ze summer-house. Hees Lordship and Miss Catherine air tête-à-tête somewhere, I tink. [Exit, B. C.]

MRS. S. Good!

SMITH. What is?

MRS. S. That our friends are enjoying themselves.

SMITH. That's more than I have been doing the past three hours. I never want to sit in a box so near the stage again at an opera. That fellow with the red sash —

MRS. S. Don't say "that fellow," Watterson. That was the celebrated Mosconi.

SMITH. Whoever he was, he all but broke my ear-drums. My head is still ringing.

MRS. S. Did you notice the lady with yellow plumes in her hat who sat in the box opposite ours?

SMITH. I don't believe I did, Maria.

MRS. S. Now, there you go again, calling me Maria. You are hopeless!

SMITH. There's no use in my trying to remember. I'm sick of it. It's bad enough for me to have to answer to the name of *Watterson*, but you must change our surname to

Smythe, call Kitty *Catherine*, and yourself *Marie*. I don't feel real. I feel like I was impersonating somebody else.

MRS. S. Honestly, now, don't you think that *J. Watterson Smythe* sounds better than just plain John W. Smith?

SMITH. *J. Watterson* may sound better than John W., but *Smythe* I detest. Why not call us *Smudge* and be done with it?

MRS. S. If Mrs. de Lacey is to be of assistance to us we must take her advice in everything. Through her we have already received invitations to some of the functions of the smart set. That lady with the yellow plumes was Mrs. Martin-Brown-Martin. Mrs. de Lacey is going to ask her to call on us now that we have our house, and servants, and autos, and everything.

SMITH. Mighty little good our autos are doing us. They've been in the repair shop ever since we bought them. I wish I'd bought new ones instead of letting Mrs. de Lacey introduce me to that second-hand dealer.

MRS. S. Well, please don't tell her so. I wouldn't have her feelings hurt for the world. Think of the trouble she went to to find us this house.

SMITH. Oh, I won't say anything to her about it.

Enter WILL., B. C.

WILL. Reverend Edward Evanston Garland to see you, sir.

MRS. S. What brings him here?

SMITH. I wonder if what I said to him about furnishing him with a mission fund could have brought him? Show him in, William. *[Exit WILL., B. C.]*

MRS. S. You've been talking to him about giving him money?

SMITH. Now, don't get excited, Marie. It was that night in the Dugan flat, before I even knew I had a dollar.

MRS. S. Well, you are not to give him a penny, not a penny! Do you understand?

SMITH. All right, I won't.

MRS. S. I'll go ask Mrs. de Lacey how much we ought to see of him. *[Exit, R.]*

SMITH. She'll be asking Mrs. de Lacey how much she ought to see of me next. *(WILL. ushers in GAR., B. C., and exits.)* Why, how do you do, Mr. Garland? I'm certainly glad to see you again! *(Shakes hands with him.)*

GAR. And I to see you. I trust the ladies are enjoying good health?

SMITH. Excellent. My wife has gone to notify Mrs. de Lacey that you are here.

GAR. Indeed? I didn't know that Mrs. de Lacey was stopping with you. I will be delighted to see her. Is—ahem!—Miss Jean here, also?

SMITH. Yes. Be seated, Mr. Garland

(GAR. *sits* L. SMITH, R.)

GAR. Mr. Smith, I have called to mind, frequently, our conversation of a month ago. I've come to have a heart to heart talk with you.

SMITH. Yes, yes, our conversation about your—er—work.

GAR. You expressed such an interest in it, and promised such liberal support should you ever acquire wealth, that I feel no hesitancy in laying before you a plan that will require only twenty thousand dollars to put it into effect, and that will be the means of——

SMITH. Yes, yes, I will be very glad to discuss it with you, but at some future time. I have spent so much money the past month that I can't see my way clear to do anything for you at present. Take the matter up with me later, Mr. Garland.

Enter MRS. DE L. *through music-room followed by* MRS. S.

MRS. DE L. This is a pleasant surprise, Mr. Garland.

GAR. (*shaking hands*). Thank you.

MRS. S. How do you do, Mr. Garland! So glad to see you. (*Shakes hands*.)

MRS. DE L. Where have you been keeping yourself?

GAR. In my study, or on the go, most of the time.

MRS. S. Can't you spend a week or two with us and rest up?

GAR. Thank you very much, but my work makes it impossible. (*JEAN enters* B. C.) How do you do, Miss Jean?

(*Shakes hands with her warmly*.)

JEAN. Fine as a fiddle! I've been wanting to see you for some time. How is the Mission?

MRS. DE L. Jeanne, take Mr. Garland into the music-room where he can get a view of the garden. It is really wonderful for this season of the year. (*JEAN and GAR. exit*.) Mrs. Smythe told me the object of Mr. Garland's visit. I thought he might get back to the subject of donations.

MRS. S. You'd better beat a retreat, Watterson, while you can.

SMITH. Thank you both; I believe I will. [*Exit, L.*]

MRS. S. Now finish telling me about Lord Rainscourt.

MRS. DE L. He said that Catherine simply laughed at him.

MRS. S. The little goose!

MRS. DE L. I learned from Jeanne that Catherine still considers herself engaged to that grocery-boy.

MRS. S. She does, does she? We shall see about that. It is ridiculous, absolutely ridiculous! I hope that you understand such a thing is impossible.

MRS. DE L. Well, as I told Lord Rainscourt, she hasn't refused him yet. He has that much in his favor.

MRS. S. I will go to her and see if she has anything to confide to me.

MRS. DE L. I will return to the disconsolate one.

(MRS. S. *exits* R. MRS. DE L. *exits* B. C.)

Enter JEAN and GAR. *from music-room.*

GAR. I must confess that I am completely mystified. Do explain.

JEAN. Here it is in a nutshell: mother is boosting the Smiths socially. Hence their change of name. Smythe, in mother's opinion, is patrician. Smith, plebeian.

GAR. And Lord Rainscourt's presence here?

JEAN. A conspiracy on the part of mother and Mrs. Smythe to marry him to Catherine.

GAR. I'm so glad!

JEAN. Glad? When you know Catherine doesn't love him?

GAR. I've been afraid for weeks that he was going to marry you.

JEAN. Oh! (*Pause.*) Why were you afraid?

GAR. It's sink or swim now! Jean, you are not exactly the type of girl that a minister's congregation would select for him, but——

JEAN. Thanks for the compliment.

GAR. But—but—but——

JEAN. Are you addressing an invisible goat?

GAR. No, I'm trying to tell you that you're the most fascinating, most bewitching, most lovable girl I know, and I—I want you for my wife. (*Holds out arms to her.*) Will you, Jean?

JEAN. Yes.

GAR. (*embracing her*). I am wildly, blissfully, ecstatically happy. (*Kisses her*.)

JEAN. So am I.

GAR. Dear me! (*Looks at watch*.)

JEAN. What is it?

GAR. I'm due at a social-workers' meeting in fifteen minutes. I'm down for a speech.

JEAN. May I go with you?

GAR. Yes.

JEAN. Then come on; my hat and wraps are in the hall.

[*Exit, B. C., followed by GAR.*]

Enter WILL., B. C.; crosses to door, L., and knocks. SMITH opens door, L.

WILL. Mr. Eddie Dugan to see you, sir.

SMITH. Show him in. (*Comes to C. WILL. exits B. C.*) I wonder how much money I owe that young man. (*WILL. shows ED. in, and exits B. C.*) How are you, Eddie, my boy, and how is your mother?

ED. We are both well, thank you.

SMITH. I suppose you came to see me about that money I owe you?

ED. Yes, sir. I've been offered a stock of groceries at a bargain. The stand is a good one. I thought if it was convenient for you to pay me I'd buy it and go into business for myself.

SMITH. How much do I owe you?

ED. Six hundred and twenty-five dollars.

SMITH (*taking out check-book*). Come into the library and I'll write you a check.

Enter MRS. S., R.

ED. Good-evening, Mrs. Smith.

MRS. S. (*icily*). Good-evening, Mr. Dugan.

SMITH (*nervously*). My dear, Eddie has come to consult me about a grocery store he's thinking of buying. We were just going into the library to talk it over. You will excuse us.

[*Exit, L., followed by ED.*]

MRS. S. Watterson's check-book was in his hand. That boy has come here to borrow money. He shall not have it!

(*Goes toward door, L.*)

Enter MRS. DE L., through music-room.

MRS. DE L. Mrs. Smythe!

MRS. S. Yes? (*To C.*)

MRS. DE L. Lord Rainscourt is extremely blue. Did Catherine have anything to say?

MRS. S. Not one word.

MRS. DE L. Possibly our trip abroad will cure her of her infatuation. Surely her love for Eddie Dugan is nothing more.

MRS. S. Not so loud. He is in the library

MRS. DE L. Who is?

MRS. S. Eddie Dugan. He came to borrow money of Mr. Smythe. I was just going in there to tell Watterson not to lend him any.

MRS. DE L. Wait a moment! Let me think. (*Pause.*) Why not send for Catherine and make her believe that he has got into some trouble and is borrowing money to get out of it?

MRS. S. He would nullify that by telling her that he is going into business and borrowed the money for that purpose. Mr. Smythe would substantiate it.

MRS. DE L. I feel certain that this is the opportune moment to estrange them. Try it. If it doesn't work you can say you overheard a part of Mr. Smythe's and Eddie's conversation and misunderstood. I'll send Catherine to you. (*Goes to door, R.*) Make it strong! [*Exit, R.*]

MRS. S. (*pacing back and forth in nervous meditation; aside.*) I must make it strong. (*Her face suddenly brightens.*) I have it,—another woman! (*Reflects.*) If it doesn't pan out right I can say that I heard it on what I believed to be good authority, and that I promised not to tell who told me.

Enter CATH., R. MRS. S. assumes worried expression and wrings her hands, pacing nervously about.

CATH. Mrs. de Lacey said — Why, what's the matter, mother? What has happened?

MRS. S. Don't speak so loud, my child. I—I—a dreadful thing has happened. Eddie Dugan has got into trouble over a —yes, you must know it sooner or later—over a girl, and has had to resign his position at the store.

CATH. I can't believe it. I—I—it isn't true!

MRS. S. He has just told your father so himself.

CATH. Where is Eddie?

MRS. S. In the library borrowing money from your father in order to marry the girl.

CATH. I won't believe it. It's not true! (*The library door, L., opens and ED., with check in hand, followed by SMITH, enters.*) It isn't true, Eddie, that you are going to—that you have quit your place at the store and are going to—to —

ED. (*hastily putting check in pocket; is confused for fear that MRS. S. has seen check, and that the matter of his loan to SMITH will be inquired into*). I thought it the best thing to do under the circumstances.

CATH. Yes, I suppose so.

ED. Mother speaks of you so often. Won't you try to come to see her soon?

CATH. I won't be able to. I—I—I am getting ready to go to England.

MRS. S. That reminds me, Catherine, your new hats have arrived. Come and let me see you try them on. Good-bye, Mr. Dugan.

ED. Good-bye, Mrs. Smith.

CATH. Good-bye, Eddie. (*Gives him her hand.*) I hope you may be happy and—and successful.

[*Exit slowly R., followed by MRS. S.*

SMITH. I am afraid Mrs. Smith saw that check.

ED. I saw her look at it, and I put it in my pocket as quickly as I could. You can tell her you made me a loan if you want to.

SMITH. Maybe I will. Well, good-bye, Eddie. (*Shakes hands.*) Remember me kindly to your mother.

ED. Thank you, I will.

[*Exit, B. C.*

SMITH. I wonder what could have been the matter with Catherine. She appeared down-hearted about something. (*CATH. enters R.*) You haven't tried on your new hats already?

CATH. No. Mother was mistaken. They hadn't come. Father, what did Eddie want with you?

SMITH (*embarrassed*). Why, he—he came to see me about a confidential matter. Please don't ask me any more about it or I'll have to tell you a fib. It would embarrass me greatly to have to tell you the true reason for Eddie's visit. (*CATH. is crestfallen.*) Now, don't be angry with me. (*CATH. goes B. R.*) Where are you going?

CATH. (*decisively*). To join Lord Rainscourt in the garden.

[*Exit through music-room.*

SMITH. Her mother sent her to interview me about Eddie's visit. I'll never be able to write a check without accounting for every penny of it. What's the good of having money if I can't spend it to suit myself?

Enter MRS. S., R.

MRS. S. Where is Catherine?

SMITH. In the garden with Lord Rainscourt.

MRS. S. Did she ask you about Eddie?

SMITH. Yes.

MRS. S. What did you tell her?

SMITH. That the matter he came to see me about was confidential. What is the matter with Catherine? She doesn't look well.

MRS. S. Lord Rainscourt has asked her to marry him.

SMITH. Well, I'll be damned!

MRS. S. Watterson!

SMITH. I beg your pardon.

MRS. S. Catherine is, naturally, excited over such a proposal. An opportunity like it is not offered every girl.

SMITH. Has she accepted him?

MRS. S. Not yet. She must have ample time to consider.

SMITH. Sure she must. She's still in her teens. There's no hurry.

MRS. S. There you are wrong. Lord Rainscourt is not a man to be trifled with. It would be a brilliant match. Our social position would be assured. I think Catherine will accept him.

SMITH. I guess the papers would be full of it, and I would attract considerable attention as the bride's father. Well, if she wants to marry him, I'm willing.

MRS. S. Thank you, Watterson. I knew you'd be sensible.

(Kisses him on forehead.)

Enter WILL., B. C. Presents card on tray.

SMITH *(reading)*. "Mr. Adam Mertens." Now, what can he want of me?

MRS. S. The name sounds familiar. Who is he?

SMITH. The socialist you threatened to all but assassinate that night in the Dugan flat.

MRS. S. I remember him.

SMITH. I suppose he wants me to contribute a few dollars to the propaganda.

MRS. S. It was well enough for you to let Eddie Dugan have that money; we were, in a way, under obligations to him and his mother, but I draw the line at those socialists. If you'll promise not to give that man any money I'll let you see him alone. Otherwise I stay right here!

SMITH. Show the gentleman in, William. (*WILL. exits, B. C.*) You may leave me, my dear, and, as evidence of my good faith, you may take my check-book with you.

(*Gives her his check-book.*)

MRS. S. When Catherine is married to Lord Rainscourt you will find that we'll need every dollar we possess to maintain our social position. Then you'll thank me for having interfered in these matters. [*Exit, R.*]

SMITH. I have heard somewhere that lords make expensive sons-in-law. (*MERT. is shown in B. C. by WILL.*) Glad to see you, Mertens. Have a seat.

(*WILL. exits, B. C. MERT. sits L. SMITH, R.*)

MERT. You are doubtless aware of the object of my visit, brother Smith?

SMITH. Can't say that I am.

MERT. Then I will come to the point at once: I called to ask when you propose to put your beautiful philanthropic theories into practice?

SMITH. Why, I—I——

MERT. And to suggest that this magnificent abode is hardly in keeping with them.

SMITH (*nervously*). No, of course it isn't. But, Mr. Mertens, you see—the fact is—the fact is——

MERT. The fact is you found you could not live up to your high ideals.

SMITH. There were unforeseen obstacles. But I still believe, if given the means, that I could put my theories into practice.

MERT. The means? Then your uncle's fortune was less than you were led to suppose?

SMITH. No. On the contrary, it was more. About a million and a half. Just enough to get along on comfortably. You mustn't judge me too harshly. If I only had ten million I——

MERT. (*rising*). Greed, greed, greed! So it is always. The more we have the more we want. Our thirst for gold, and more gold, is insatiable. I hoped that you might prove an exception to the damnable rule. But no. There's a hell-taint on the dollars of the rich that blackens and corrodes their souls.

(*Paces up and down lost in thought.*)

SMITH (*after a pause*). I'll think it over, and—and communicate with you later.

MERT. You want me to go —

SMITH. No, no, I —

MERT. And I will. (*To B. C.*) But I warn you that you may look for that to befall you which, inevitably, befalls the man who promises to follow a given line of action, and who deliberately, through self-interest, pursues another!

[*Exit, B. C.*

SMITH. I wonder what he meant by something befalling me? I hope he has no anarchistic tendencies. I'll persuade Maria—I mean Marie—to let me give away a few thousands, at least. (*Pushes call-bell button.*) I don't like the way Mertens looked about the eyes when he delivered me that farewell warning. (NAN. *enters, B. C., in answer to the bell.*) Tell your mistress I would like to see her.

NAN. Oui, monsieur.

[*Exit, R.*

Enter LORD R., through music-room.

LORD R. Ah! glad to find you alone, Mr. Smythe. Miss Catherine has just honored me by accepting my proposal of marriage, and—ah—I have come to ask your consent.

SMITH. Where Catherine's happiness is concerned I have no objection to offer, Lord Rainscourt. (*Shakes hands.*)

LORD R. Thank you very much. I will return to her and acquaint her with your very generous answer to me. Thank you again, very kindly.

[*Exit through music-room.*

SMITH. So endeth my last hope of becoming a philanthropist. Or, rather, so beginneth it. For, if I mistake not, his Lordship will require large and frequent donations.

Enter MRS. S., R.

MRS. S. What do you want?

SMITH. Lord Rainscourt has just asked me for Catherine.

MRS. S. She has accepted him?

SMITH. Yes. (*Meditates.*)

MRS. S. Splendid ! We will set the wedding for two weeks from to-day. Then we can all sail for England as planned. It will be their honeymoon trip. I must go to Catherine at once. (*Goes to music-room archway. Turns.*) The papers will be full of it. What is the matter, Watterson ? Are you displeased about anything ?

SMITH. No, indeed ! (*Smiles.*) I was just thinking that a little Rainscourt for a grandson would suit me to a tee !

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE.—*Same setting as Act II*

(*At rise of curtain, WILL. is discovered up stage. NAN. enters, L., with armful of parcels ; crosses to door, R.*)

WILL. Nannette !

NAN. Eh, Mistair Willum ?

WILL. W'at's your 'urry ?

NAN. You ask me zat, w'en you know I haf seex more of ze beeg trunks to pack for madam ? Eet ees easy for you, wif nozing to do but ansair ze door-bell and receive ze parcels. Poor leetle me must haf evairzing put in ze trunks, ready for ze morrow.

WILL. You'll have plenty of time to rest after to-morrer. W'en th' weddin's hover and we're all aboard ship bound for hold Hengland. 'Tis many a sad day sence Hi set foot on my native soil. Hi'm that 'appy Hi can't 'ardly contain myself !

NAN. Zat ees more zan Mistair Smyfe ees.

WILL. 'Is 'appiness is clouded by thoughts o' givin' 'is dorter away. But once th' weddin's hover 'e'll be th' jolliest o' th' lot. Hit's allus that way.

NAN. I tink eet ees ze lettairs he gets zat make heem unhappy.

MRS. S. (*off R.*). Nannette !

NAN. Oui, madam, I come !

[*Exit, R.*]

WILL. Hit may be th' letters. Mr. Smythe does get terrible upset w'en 'e reads 'em.

[*Exit, B. C.*]

Enter JEAN, from music-room. Looks cautiously around. Goes quickly to center-table and places letter thereon. Exit, B. C.

Enter MRS. DE L. and MRS. S., R.

MRS. DE L. Everybody that amounts to anything will be there. I have it from Mrs. Martin-Brown-Martin herself.

MRS. S. The papers have been more than kind. Not a word has been said about our sudden rise to—to affluence.

MRS. DE L. That's because they know nothing of your past environment. I have taken particular pains to let it appear that we have known you always.

MRS. S. I don't see how we should have managed without you. If it were not for Mr. Smythe's condition of mind, I would feel certain that everything will go off in apple-pie order to-morrow.

MRS. DE L. Those letters are the work of some crank. He is foolish to let them worry him. Every family is similarly annoyed at some time or other. Get him to make that investment with Mr. de Lacey and he will have something else to occupy his mind.

MRS. S. I will. Would you mind ringing up those florists again? It won't do any harm to keep jogging them up.

MRS. DE L. I'll attend to it right away. *[Exit, L.]*

Enter SMITH, pale and worried, from music-room.

MRS. S. Mrs. de Lacey says you are foolish to let yourself worry about those letters. They are undoubtedly the work of some crank.

SMITH. I can't help it. I am beginning to believe that I know their author.

MRS. S. Whom do you suspect?

SMITH. One of those socialists Mertens brought to see me that night. Or Mertens himself.

MRS. S. Nonsense. You've seen Mertens since then. You told me his visit was pleasant enough.

SMITH. I have been thinking of something he said as he was leaving. At the time it made very little impression upon me.

MRS. S. What did he say?

SMITH. I can't recall his exact words. It was about something befalling me.

MRS. S. You should have told me this before.

SMITH. I didn't want to frighten you.

MRS. S. Well, please, on no account say anything to Lord Rainscourt, Catherine, or Jeanne about it. We have kept them entirely ignorant of the whole matter. It would never do to get them all upset.

SMITH. I have not said a word to them. Possibly the servants have.

MRS. S. No. I have attended to that.

SMITH. I have received one of those letters every day since Catherine's engagement, except to-day. Why have they skipped to-day?

MRS. S. Probably because the writer has become convinced that he cannot frighten you. (SMITH *observes letter on table.*) Why, what is the matter with you?

SMITH (*hoarsely*). Look there!

MRS. S. Where?

SMITH. On that table! It—it—it's number twelve!

MRS. S. Please don't go all to pieces like that, Watterson! I'll find out about it. (*Goes to push-button. Rings.*) One of the servants must have found it in the letter-box.

SMITH. Then why wasn't it brought to me, as were the others?

MRS. S. Possibly he thought you were out. Do control yourself. (WILL. *enters* B. C.) How came that letter on the center-table?

WILL. Hi 'aven't th' slightest hidea, ma'am.

MRS. S. Send Nannette to me! (WILL. *crosses to door*, R.) And, William! Ask the other servants if they know anything about it.

WILL. Yes, ma'am.

[*Exit*, R.]

MRS. S. Do be calm, Watterson. We shall soon know how it came into the house. Open it and see what it says. (NAN. *enters* R.) Nannette, who put that letter on the center-table?

NAN. I do not know, madam. I deed not.

MRS. S. Mrs. de Lacey is in the library. Ask her to come here immediately.

NAN. Oui, madam.

[*Exit*, L.]

(SMITH *picks up the letter gingerly. Opens it.*)

Enter WILL., R.

MRS. S. Well?

WILL. Th' hother servants know nothin' about hit, ma'am.

MRS. S. Very well, William, that will do. (WILL. *exits*, B. C.) Don't read it, Watterson, until Mrs. de Lacey comes.

Enter MRS. DE L., L.

MRS. DE L. What is it, Mrs. Smythe?

MRS. S. Another letter. I wanted you to hear it. Read it, Watterson.

SMITH (*reading*). "*Warning Number Twelve.* You have paid no heed to my other warnings. Preparations for your daughter's marriage to Lord Rainscourt go steadily forward. Expect the worst." There's no signature, as usual. It's written in the same scrawling hand. My God, it's terrible!

MRS. S. Now, don't get excited, Watterson.

SMITH. Not get excited when I'm warned to expect the worst? Not get excited when it's the twelfth time I've been told that something awful is going to happen to me? I insist on calling in the police!

MRS. DE L. Think of the scandal, Mr. Smythe. It would never do.

MRS. S. No, Watterson. It would never do.

SMITH. But think of me being blown up by a bomb! The writer of those letters is no crank. He's an anarchist! I've got to do something to protect myself! I can stand this dreadful suspense no longer! This letter didn't come like the rest. It was brought into this room by the writer himself.

MRS. DE L. Is that true?

MRS. S. We found it on the center-table. None of the servants know how it got there.

MRS. DE L. That is serious.

SMITH. Of course it's serious! It's been serious all the time. The hand that placed that letter there could, just as easily, have sunk a dirk into my back. I tell you I'm in imminent danger of assassination! [Exit, L.

MRS. DE L. Where are those other warnings?

MRS. S. In the library desk.

MRS. DE L. We must read them again and see what is to be done.

MRS. S. Do you still believe it the work of a crank?

MRS. DE L. I'm afraid not. We must still insist on it to Mr. Smythe, though. If we agree with him he will never be able to attend the wedding. We can engage a detective agency as a safeguard against any emergency that may arise, if you think best.

MRS. S. That's a good suggestion.

[Exit, L., with MRS. DE L.

Enter JEAN, B. C., *stealthily*. Goes to center-table. Notes disappearance of letter. Smiles broadly. Crosses cautiously to door, L. Listens.

Enter CATH., R.

CATH. Jean! (JEAN *jumps*.) Did I frighten you?

JEAN. Yes, you did. (*To c.*)

CATH. Have you heard from Mr. Garland yet? (*To c.*)

JEAN. No.

CATH. After to-morrow it will be too late.

JEAN. Now, don't get the blues. While there's life there's hope.

CATH. But I can't understand why Eddie should go away like that if what mother told me about him was false.

JEAN. Haven't I told you, over and over again, that he was so cut-up when he saw the announcement of your marriage in the papers that he told his mother that he was going away until after the wedding?

CATH. But suppose Mr. Garland doesn't find him?

JEAN. We'll cross that bridge when we come to it. He'll find him, though. More depends on his finding him than you know.

CATH. What does?

JEAN. That's my secret—and Mr. Garland's. Even if he shouldn't, you are not obliged to marry Lord Ferdy. By the way, where *is* your intended?

CATH. He's doing some eleventh-hour shopping. If Eddie doesn't come I shall have to marry Lord Rainscourt. I could never hold out against your mother and mine. Even if he does come I don't see how it's going to help matters. I promised mother not to marry him without her and father's consent.

JEAN. Didn't I tell you not to worry? To leave everything to me? There are things going on in this house that you know nothing about. Hearts are trumps, and I still have the right-bower hidden up my sleeve!

Enter WILL., B. C.

WILL. Mr. Garland to see Miss de Lacey.

JEAN (*to CATH.*). What did I tell you? Tell him to come here, William. [*Exit WILL., B. C.*]

CATH. Do you—do you think——

JEAN. That he has found Eddie? Of course he has!

Enter GAR., B. C.

CATH. Have you found him?

GAR. Yes, and I hasten to assure you that there was not a word of truth in what your mother told you.

CATH. Where is he, Mr. Garland?

GAR. I thought it best to have him go round to the garden. You'll find him in the summer-house.

(CATH. *exits hastily through music-room.*)

JEAN. You dear! (*Kisses GAR.*) Have you explained everything to Eddie?

GAR. Yes. And had a deuce of a time convincing him.

JEAN. You are the best fellow in the world.

GAR. But hardly a discreet minister of the gospel. I fear I am a better detective. How have matters progressed here?

JEAN. Ask me no questions and I'll tell no fibs.

GAR. I don't see how Eddie's presence can simplify matters. Catherine is not of age. She would need her parents' consent to marry him. They couldn't elope without creating all sorts of scandal.

JEAN. Can't you trust me not to do anything that would give the Smythes, Lord Ferdy or ourselves any unpleasant notoriety?

GAR. But why have you kept me in the dark as to your plans?

JEAN. Because hearts are trumps, and I'm going it alone. Now you go to the summer-house and tell Catherine and Eddie to stay there until I come. Then you wait for me near the conservatory door.

(GAR. *goes to music-room archway.* JEAN *to door, R.*)

GAR. What about my reward?

JEAN. You shall have it.

GAR. To-night?

JEAN. To-night!

(GAR. *exits through music-room.* JEAN *exits, R.*)

Enter SMITH, L.

SMITH. I thought I heard a man's voice say "to-night."
(*Looks cautiously around. Looks on center-table.*) It must have been the condition of my nerves. [*Exit, L.*]

(JEAN *reënters R., with package in her hand. She deposits package on center-table. Exits hastily into music-room.*)

Enter SMITH, MRS. S., and MRS. DE L., L.

MRS. DE L. You must take a sensible view of it, Mr. Smythe. Weddings, and their attendant publicity, always call forth these threatening epistles.

MRS. S. Mrs. de Lacey is right, Watterson. Do try to get your nerves under control.

SMITH. I—I — (*Observes package on table.*) What is that on the table?

MRS. S. Just a parcel. Don't alarm yourself. (*Picks it up.*) Mrs. de Lacey! (*Puts down package.*)

MRS. DE L. What is it?

MRS. S. It's addressed to Mr. Smythe in the same hand as the warnings!

SMITH. Good heavens! It's an infernal machine!

(*Is overcome.*)

MRS. DE L. It's nothing of the kind. Open it, Mrs. Smythe.

SMITH. Don't you do it! You'll be blown to smithereens. I tell you it's a bomb! I heard a voice say "to-night" a moment ago in this very room.

MRS. S. I shall open it, nevertheless. We've got to know the worst!

SMITH. Marie, I implore you!

MRS. S. (*firmly*). I shall open it! (*Picks up package.*)

SMITH. Just a moment, Marie! If it's got to be opened, I—I—I'll do it myself. You ladies must get out of the way, though. I—I don't want you to get hurt. For myself I'd nearly as soon be blown up as to be continually scared to death. I beg you to stand at a distance.

(MRS. S. *to door*, L. MRS. DE L. *to door*, R. *They watch SMITH from the doorways.*)

MRS. DE L. I honor you for your bravery, Mr. Smythe.

SMITH (*teeth chattering*). Oh, I—I—I'm brave enough. (*Makes as if to pick up package. Shivers and withdraws.*) I haven't made my last will and testament.

MRS. S. Never mind about that. Do open it!

SMITH. Here goes! (*Reaches for it. Hesitates. Trembles.*) Hadn't it better be opened in the cellar? I don't think this room ought to be messed up.

MRS. S. If you are afraid, say so, and be done with it!

SMITH. No, no, I'm not afraid. I—I—I'll do it.

(*Steadies right arm with left hand and picks up package.*)

MRS. DE L. Do make haste, Mr. Smythe !

SMITH. Now, who—who—who's doing this? (*Shuts eyes. Holds package off from him and opens it. Opens eyes and looks at it.*) Thank God !

MRS. S. } What is it?
MRS. DE L. }

SMITH. A phonograph record. (*Relieved sigh.*)

MRS. S. Catherine must have ordered it. (*To c.*)

MRS. DE L. Didn't I tell you it was nothing? (*To c.*)

SMITH. Here's a tag attached to it. It says—it says —

(*Trembles.*)

MRS. S. } What?
MRS. DE L. }

SMITH. "*Warning Number Thirteen!*" (*Sinks into chair.*)

MRS. DE L. You are being made the victim of a practical joke.

SMITH. Then all I've got to say is: It's a darned good one.

MRS. S. I'll get the phonograph and we'll put the record on.
[*Exit into music-room.*]

MRS. DE L. What on earth can the sending of that record mean ?

SMITH. It's beyond me.

MRS. DE L. I'm thankful that it was nothing worse.

SMITH. Maybe you think I'm not !

Reënter MRS. S., with phonograph.

MRS. S. You put it on, Mrs. de Lacey. I'm so nervous I'm afraid I'd break it.

(*MRS. DE L. puts the record on.*)

Enter JEAN, unnoticed, through music-room. She stands in archway.

THE RECORD (*stentorian tones*). "*Warning Number Thirteen.* The hand that placed this record on your center-table is able to prevent your daughter's marriage to Lord Rainscourt."

SMITH. Just what I told you both !

MRS. S. Shut up !

THE RECORD. "I have no desire to commit a crime. If you will send me your own and Mrs. Smith's written permission for your daughter to marry whomsoever she pleases I will

let you alone. Otherwise prepare for consequences that will ensue. They will overwhelm you. This is all for the present."

SMITH. That was Mertens' voice.

MRS. S. I think so, too.

MRS. DE L. Who is Mertens?

SMITH. An anarchist.

MRS. DE L. Then the matter is serious, indeed!

JEAN. It sounds so to me.

MRS. DE L. Did you hear what that record said?

JEAN. Yes, I heard it.

MRS. DE L. Things have been going on here for some time that we have kept from you and Catherine. We didn't want to alarm you. The author of that record has threatened repeatedly to prevent Catherine's marriage to Lord Rainscourt. We don't know what action to take.

JEAN. I think that Mr. and Mrs. Smythe should do as the record demands. That man Mertens is probably laboring under an hallucination, and fancies that Catherine is being forced into this marriage. If he received this evening what he has asked for, it will no doubt satisfy him.

MRS. S. But why should he make such a ridiculous request?

JEAN. Because he's crazy. The record proves it. Will you listen to a further suggestion?

SMITH. We certainly will, my girl. I've always said you had a good head on your shoulders.

JEAN. My suggestion is that you have mother 'phone to the morning papers and tell them that, owing to a sudden illness that has overtaken Catherine, the wedding has been postponed.

MRS. S. But think of the preparation we have made. Besides, how would that help matters?

JEAN. We could then all go aboard ship, and they could be married quietly at sea. Your anarchist would be none the wiser.

SMITH. It's just the thing! I told you she had a head on her!

MRS. DE L. In that case we need pay no further attention to those warnings.

JEAN. I don't agree with you. Mertens might take a notion to act to-night.

SMITH. Yes, yes, I am reminded again that I heard that voice say distinctly, "To-night."

JEAN. You and Mrs. Smythe write out that permission,

word for word, and give it to me. I can look Mertens' name up in the directory and place it in his hands in half an hour.

SMITH. Jean, you're a brick!

MRS. S. It's up to Mrs. de Lacey. I'll do whatever she advises.

MRS. DE L. It's probably the best thing to do under the circumstances. I will go telephone the morning papers.

JEAN. I'll get pen, ink and paper. [Exit, L.
Exit, L.]

MRS. S. You got us into this, Watterson! If you had never invited Mertens here we wouldn't be in all this trouble.

SMITH. You forget, my dear. I didn't invite him here. I invited him to the Dugan flat.

MRS. S. I don't care to argue the matter. It's all your fault, anyhow!

SMITH. Well, I've been sufficiently punished, God knows! (JEAN reënters, L., with pen, ink and paper.) You'll have to write it, Jean. I'm too nervous to do more than sign it.

JEAN (writing). "To Whom It May Concern: This is to certify that our daughter, Kitty, has our permission to marry whomsoever she pleases." Now, sign John W. Smith right here, Mr. Smythe. It's the name Mertens knows you by. (SMITH signs.) Now, you sign Maria Smith, his wife, right here, Mrs. Smythe. (She signs.) Thank you both. I will not be gone very long. Good-bye!

[Exit, hurriedly, through music-room.]

SMITH. A very clever girl, Marie.

MRS. S. Too clever. When Catherine is married I hope she will not see so much of Jeanne.

Enter WILL., B. C.

WILL. 'Is Lordship 'as returned. 'E 'as gone to 'is room, and begs me to say as 'ow 'e'll be down d'rec'ly. [Exit, B. C.]

SMITH. I wonder what he'll think about the postponement of his marriage? I expect we should have consulted him on the subject first.

MRS. S. Of course we should. Why didn't somebody think of that? He may wash his hands of the whole business. I shouldn't blame him if he did. (To door, L.) Mrs. de Lacey!

MRS. DE L. (off). Yes?

MRS. S. Will you come here a moment, please? (To SMITH.) She'll have to break the news to him. I can't. (MRS.

DE L. *enters* L.) Mrs. de Lacey, Lord Rainscourt has just returned. He will be down in a moment. Would you mind telling him about our—our change of plans?

MRS. DE L. Certainly not. I think it would really be better if I did tell him.

MRS. S. Thank you so much. Have you 'phoned to the papers?

MRS. DE L. Yes. Suppose you and Mr. Smythe go into the library while I see Lord Rainscourt.

MRS. S. Come to us as soon as you can and let us know how he takes it. Come, Watterson! [*Exit, L.*]

SMITH (*going*). I feel so relieved, now that Jean has taken over the management of things, that I don't care much what Lord Rainscourt thinks about it.

MRS. DE L. Oh, you mustn't say that, Mr. Smythe!

SMITH. Well, I don't. [*Exit, L.*]

MRS. DE L. I hope Jeanne succeeds in finding that man Mertens. I don't know of anybody I'd sooner trust on such a mission than Jeanne.

Enter LORD R., B. C.

LORD R. All alone, Mrs. de Lacey? Where—ah—is Catherine and the rest of the—ah—family?

MRS. DE L. Mr. and Mrs. Smythe are busy with some matters in the library. Catherine is probably in her room superintending her packing. I will send for her presently. (*Pause.*) Lord Rainscourt, I have something important to tell you.

LORD R. Indeed?

MRS. DE L. Circumstances have arisen that will prevent your marriage from taking place as planned.

LORD R. You astonish me! What—ah—can have happened?

MRS. DE L. Mr. Smythe is in danger of being assassinated.

LORD R. Is it possible?

MRS. DE L. He has received numerous anonymous warnings to that effect.

LORD R. Does he suspect their source?

MRS. DE L. Yes. Their author is a dangerous anarchist by the name of Mertens.

LORD R. That is bad—ah—indeed. What does Mr. Smythe propose to do about it? Catherine must be dreadfully upset?

MRS. DE L. Catherine doesn't know anything about it yet. Mr. Smythe thinks it best to give it out to the papers that Catherine is ill. And on that account that the wedding has been postponed. Then for you and Catherine to be quietly married aboard ship.

LORD R. An excellent idea! Then we shall sail to-morrow?

MRS. DE L. Yes.

LORD R. I shall be just as well pleased. A public wedding is quite a bore at best, don't you know.

MRS. DE L. I felt certain you would see it in a sensible light.

LORD R. Thank you. I—ah—it will be necessary for me to make some slight change in my preparations. If you will excuse me I will go to my room for a few moments. After which I will be pleased to talk the matter over with Mr.—ah—Smythe.

[*Exit*, B. C.]

Enter MRS. S., L.

MRS. S. How did he take it?

MRS. DE L. Fine! It didn't even ruffle him. He seemed to think that we had done the proper thing.

MRS. S. I'm so glad. It augurs well for Catherine's future happiness with him.

MRS. DE L. Lord Rainscourt is one of the most considerate men I have ever known.

Enter WILL., B. C.

WILL. Mr. Adam Mertens to see Mr. Smythe.

MRS. DE L. Mertens!

MRS. S. To see Mr. Smythe!

WILL. Yes, ma'am, so 'e said.

MRS. S. What on earth shall we do?

MRS. DE L. Jeanne must have found him and delivered the paper to him. Hadn't we better tell Mr. Smythe that he is here?

MRS. S. I don't know what to do. I've almost lost my wits.

MRS. DE L. He can't mean to do Mr. Smythe any harm. He wouldn't come like an ordinary caller if he did.

MRS. S. You never can tell about those anarchists. They are not afraid of the devil himself.

MRS. DE L. I think we had better all see him.

MRS. S. Then we must prepare Mr. Smythe. William, wait just outside the door. I will ask Mr. Smythe if he wishes to see the gentleman. (WILL. *exits*, B. C.) What if Mr. Smythe refuses to see him?

MRS. DE L. I don't believe he will refuse.

(MRS. S. *goes to door*, L.)

MRS. S. Watterson, come here a moment! (*To* MRS. DE L.) He has surely come on a peaceful mission.

MRS. DE L. I certainly hope so!

Enter SMITH, L.

SMITH. What is it, my dear?

MRS. S. You tell him, Mrs. de Lacey.

MRS. DE L. Mr. Smythe, even if I had not known it before, the manner in which you conducted yourself when you opened that package a few moments ago would have convinced me that you are a brave man.

SMITH. Yes, yes. Has something new happened?

MRS. DE L. No. But—but —

SMITH. Yes, there has. I know it by the way you both look. What is it, Marie?

MRS. S. There's a man waiting to see you.

SMITH. Who is it? Who is it?

MRS. S. It's Adam Mertens!

SMITH. Good God! (*Trembles.*) What shall I do?

MRS. DE L. We've decided that it's best to see him. Jeanne has probably given him that paper, and he has come to tell you that he will molest you no further.

SMITH. That sounds good, but I have my doubts. I—have —my—doubts!

MRS. S. What else can we do but see him?

MRS. DE L. If we say you are not at home he'll come back later. If we say you won't see him it will offend him.

SMITH. You are right. I'll see him. He can't do any more than kill me. I'd about as soon be dead as like I am.

MRS. S. William! (WILL. *appears* B. C.) Show Mr. Mertens in!

SMITH. Are you ladies going to remain?

MRS. S. Yes.

MRS. DE L. Yes.

SMITH. "Misery loves company." I'm glad of it. I am unarmed. I have a pistol in my desk. I ——

(WILL. *shows* MERT. *in and exits*, B. C.)

MERT. I expected to find you alone, Mr. Smith.

SMITH. These ladies desire to remain. This is Mrs. Smythe — I mean Smith — and this is Mrs. de Lacey, Mr. Mertens.

MERT. I am very pleased to know you both. (*Bows.*)

MRS. S. }
MRS. DE L. } Thank you.

(*They bow.*)

SMITH. Will—will—won't you be seated?

MERT. Yes. (*Sits.*) I was surprised and pleased to receive your message, Mr. Smith.

SMITH. Yes, yes. Miss Jean de Lacey delivered it, didn't she?

MERT. I didn't ask her name, but she had a very pleasant voice. She is your daughter, I presume, madam?

MRS. DE L. Yes, sir.

MERT. And now may I inquire why you wished me to call?

SMITH. Certainly, certainly. You see we thought that now that we have complied with your demands that ——

MERT. I beg your pardon?

SMITH. Well, now that—that—that ——

MRS. DE L. Mr. Smythe is trying to say now that we have acceded to your demands and have cancelled the wedding, that ——

MERT. You will pardon me, madam. I don't follow you any better than I do Mr. Smith.

MRS. DE L. Mrs. Smythe, see if you can make him understand.

MRS. S. We received all of your warnings, Mr. Mertens, and have complied with them to the best of our ability.

MERT. Warnings? I have sent you no warnings. You are all laboring under a delusion.

SMITH. Oh, but I recognized your voice, Mr. Mertens. You can't fool me.

MERT. My voice? Where?

SMITH. On the phonograph record.

MERT. Have you all suddenly lost your senses, or have I? I repeat that I know nothing of any warnings or of a phonograph record, either. Will you explain what you mean?

MRS. DE L. We have received numerous threatening letters from some source daily, since the announcement of Lord Rainscourt's approaching marriage to Miss Catherine. This evening we received a phonograph record. We put it on the machine, and it made additional threats. The voice somewhat resembled yours.

MERT. Now I understand you. So that is why you had Miss de Lacey 'phone me?

SMITH.

MRS. S. } 'Phone you?

MRS. DE L. }

MERT. Yes. She 'phoned that Mr. Smith wanted to see me at once. I saw nothing unusual in that, as Mr. Smith told me himself that he would communicate with me later.

SMITH. The mystery deepens.

MRS. S. Then she didn't deliver a paper to you signed by Mr. Smythe and myself?

MERT. How could she? She only talked to me over the telephone. I think it should be unnecessary for me to say again that I have had no hand in those warnings, and know nothing about them. It looks to me like you have all been the victims of a practical joker.

MRS. DE L. I'm beginning to believe that Jeanne has had a hand in this all along. She was very willing and ready to suggest a way out of our difficulties.

MRS. S. What object could she have?

Enter JEAN, GAR., CATH. and ED., in street attire, B. C.

SMITH. Here she is to explain it herself!

JEAN. Go ahead! I'll answer anything you ask me.

MRS. DE L. Why did you 'phone to Mr. Mertens and tell him that Mr. Smythe wanted to see him?

JEAN. Because I knew that he had nothing to do with sending those warnings, and I wanted to give him a chance to tell Mr. Smythe so.

MRS. DE L. How did you know that he had nothing to do with them?

JEAN. Simply because I sent them myself.

MRS. S. You sent them and have had this house in an uproar for two weeks?

JEAN. Yes.

MRS. S. What did you hope to accomplish by it?

JEAN. The fruits of my labor are there ! (*Points to CATH. and ED.*) Catherine and Eddie have just been married !

MRS. S. Married to Eddie Dugan ? In heaven's name, Catherine, tell me it isn't true !

CATH. It's true. Won't you forgive us ?

MRS. S. After the brilliant marriage I had arranged for you ? Never ! I shall take steps at once to have your marriage set aside. You are not of age and could not be legally married without your father's and my consent. (*SMITH laughs.*) Mr. Smythe, have you lost all sense of the fitness of things ? Why are you laughing ?

SMITH. Because I see now why Jean insisted on our signing that marriage permit. I told you she had a head on her !

MRS. S. You needn't act as though you condone her conduct. Mrs. de Lacey, what's to be done ?

MRS. DE L. Nothing, so far as Catherine's marriage to Mr. Dugan is concerned. They presented that permit to the clerk, and he issued their license. But Jeanne shall answer to her father for her conduct this very night !

GAR. I beg to differ with you. Jean has just become my wife.

JEAN. Yes, we had a double wedding.

MRS. DE L. You are more than welcome to each other. I am surprised, though, that a minister would assist in deceiving a girl's parents as has been done in this case.

GAR. I believe the end obtained has justified the means. Which do you conceive to be the greater fault, Mrs. Smythe, the deceiving of a girl's parents into granting her permission to marry the man she loves, or the deceiving of a daughter into marrying a man whom she does not love ?

MRS. S. I don't care to discuss the question. I am thinking of the notoriety we shall all receive.

JEAN. There will be none. The papers have been notified of Catherine's illness. She and Eddie are going away quietly for a honeymoon trip. By the time they return the postponed wedding will have been forgotten.

MRS. S. But the papers to-morrow will contain a list of wedding licenses issued.

JEAN. Yes, "Eddie Dugan to Kitty Smith." Nobody will connect Kitty Smith with Catherine Smythe, whose wedding to Lord Rainscourt has been postponed.

SMITH. No, they wouldn't. But if they do, what do we care ? I think it's about time to quit arguing, and congratulate these young people.

MRS. DE L. I shall not congratulate them !

SMITH. Then you might go and apprise Lord Rainscourt of the turn events have taken.

MRS. DE L. Very well. [*Exit, haughtily, B. C.*]

MRS. S. I shall not congratulate them, either !

Enter WILL., B. C.

WILL. Dinner is served.

MERT. I must be going.

SMITH. Heaven help me, Mertens, I had forgotten you. You shall eat dinner with the brides and grooms. After dinner I want to have that promised talk with you. Now, all of you follow William to the dining-room, while I interview Mrs. Smith.

(*WILL. exits, B. C., followed by CATH., ED., MERT., JEAN and GAR.*)

MRS. S. One would think, Watterson, that you are pleased with Catherine's disgraceful behavior !

SMITH. I've been doing some heavy thinking the past few minutes. Kitty married Eddie because she loved him. You led me to believe that she loved Rainscourt. Garland intimated that you had deceived Kitty as well. But that's all over with and doesn't matter now. What does matter is that we are done with trying to break into society. We might pass muster, and so might Eddie, but Mrs. Dugan, never. I shall place this house in the hands of an agent to sell and dismiss the servants.

MRS. S. But, Watterson —

SMITH. Never say Watterson to me again. I never want to hear that name again while I live, and I'll take proper precaution to not have it carved on my tombstone when I'm dead. Henceforth my daughter's name is Kitty, my wife's Maria, and mine is John—(*spelling*) S-M-I-T-H, Smith !

MRS. S. What has that to do with giving up this house and dismissing the servants ?

SMITH. It has this to do with it : I intend to put my philanthropic theories into practice. I've danced to your music for twenty years, now you can dance to mine. I'm going to organize an eleemosynary corporation and make over to it nine-tenths of all I possess.

MRS. S. You shall do no such thing !

SMITH. With a socialist, a grocer, a clothier, and a parson on the directorate, we should be able to successfully find, feed, clothe, and save many a poor soul. My Uncle Henry suffered untold hardships to acquire his money, and the institution shall bear his name.

MRS. S. Are you really in earnest?

SMITH. Absolutely so! (MRS. S. *goes to R.*) Where are you going?

MRS. S. To bathe my head. It is almost splitting!

SMITH. Oh, Maria, just one thing more —

MRS. S. (*at door, R., turning*). Well?

SMITH. A little Dugan for a grandson is good enough for me!

CURTAIN

THE ELOPEMENT OF ELLEN

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts by Marie J. Warren. Four males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior and one exterior. Plays an hour and a half. A bright and ingenious little play, admirably suited for amateur acting. Written for and originally produced by Wellesley College girls. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

A VIRGINIA HEROINE

A Comedy in Three Acts by Susie G. McGlone. Eleven female characters. Scenery, easy; costumes, modern. Plays one hour and forty-five minutes. Irish and Negro comedy parts, and two character parts; most of the characters young. A very easy and interesting play for girls, well suited for school performance. Romantic interest with lots of comedy.

Price, 25 cents

OUR CHURCH FAIR

A Farcical Entertainment in Two Acts by Jessie A. Kelley. Twelve females. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant. Plays an hour and a quarter. A humorous picture of the planning of the annual church fair by the ladies of the sewing circle. Full of local hits and general human nature, and a sure laugh-producer in any community. Can be recommended.

Price, 25 cents

ALL CHARLEY'S FAULT

A Farce in Two Acts by Anthony E. Wills. Six males, three females. Scenery, an easy interior; costumes, modern. Plays two hours. A very lively and laughable piece, full of action and admirably adapted for amateur performance. Dutch and Negro comedy characters. Plays very rapidly with lots of incident and not a dull moment. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

HOW THE STORY GREW

An Entertainment for Women's Clubs in One Act by O. W. Gleason. Eight female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant; may be given on a platform without any. Plays forty-five minutes. A very easy and amusing little piece, full of human nature and hitting off a well-known peculiarity of almost any community. Written for middle-aged women, and a sure hit with the audience.

Price, 15 cents

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

A Comedy Drama in Four Acts by Arthur Lewis Tubbs. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours. Easy to stage and full of interest. The female parts are the stronger, being exceptionally good. Negro and "hayseed" comedy parts. A very strong dramatic piece. Can be recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE BOY SCOUTS

A Play for Boys in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Twenty males. Scenery, unimportant; costumes, scout and modern. Plays two hours. Worth refuses to vote for Tony as a new scout because the latter is poor, but Tony shows in the end that he is a true scout and wins his election. This simple motive underlies lots of characteristic fun and stunts, and offers as a whole a very vigorous and sympathetic picture of the Boy Scout practices, motives, and ideals. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

STEWART NIPPER, *known as Nip.*

FRED TUCK, *known as Tuck.*

DICK RANDOLPH, *the patrol leader.*

WORTHINGTON LEONARD, *a rich boy.*

TONY ARDIS, *a poor boy.*

JAKIE STEIN, *with business instincts.*

CHUBBY CHILDS, *who don't care if he is fat.*

WATERMELON JACKSON, *a lazy coon.*

MRS. WATERMELON JACKSON, *and her seven little coons. (May be omitted.)*

LIPPY SCUDDER, *who thinks he's a hero.*

BUB WALDRON, *going on seven.*

JACK HALL, *assistant patrol leader.*

PLUPY HIGGINS, *who likes to study.*

LEE WALDRON, *some athlete.*

TOM REDWAY, *who plays the piano.*

SHORTY, HARRY, CHARLEY, WILL and FRANK, *other Boy Scouts.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The meeting of the Boy Scouts of America. Nip and Tuck.

ACT II.—A rehearsal in the gym. The stunts of the Scouts.

ACT III.—Same as Act I. Swearing in the new tenderfoot.

AUNT ABIGAIL AND THE BOYS

A Farce in One Act

By Lillie Fuller Merriam

Nine males, two females. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays one hour. Aunt Abigail, who hates boys, visits Gerald in college and finding him dressed in female costume for theatricals takes him for his sister Geraldine. Things are badly mixed up when his friends turn up and see the situation, but in the end Auntie is wholly cured of her dislike for the "boys." Lively and amusing; recommended for schools.

Price, 15 cents

THE TIME OF HIS LIFE

A Comedy in Three Acts by C. Leona Dalrymple. Six males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors, or can be played in one. Plays two hours and a half. A side-splitting piece, full of action and a sure success if competently acted. Tom Carter's little joke of impersonating the colored butler has unexpected consequences that give him "the time of his life." Very highly recommended for high school performance.

Price, 25 cents

THE COLLEGE CHAP

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Harry L. Newton and John Pierre Roche. Eleven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two and a half hours. An admirable play for amateurs. Absolutely American in spirit and up to date; full of sympathetic interest but plenty of comedy; lots of healthy sentiment, but nothing "mushy." Just the thing for high schools; sane, effective, and not difficult.

Price, 25 cents

THE DEACON'S SECOND WIFE

A Comedy in Three Acts by Allan Abbott. Six males, six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior, one exterior. Plays two hours and a half. A play of rural life specially written for school performance. All the parts are good and of nearly equal opportunity, and the piece is full of laughs. Easy to produce; no awkward sentimental scenes; can be strongly recommended for high schools.

Price, 25 cents

THE TEASER

A Rural Comedy in Three Acts by Charles S. Allen. Four male, three female characters. Scene, an easy interior, the same for all three acts; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. An admirable play for amateurs, very easy to get up, and very effective. Uraliah Higgins, a country postman, and Drusilla Todd are capital comedy parts, introducing songs or specialties, if desired. Plenty of incidental fun.

Price, 25 cents

COUNTRY FOLKS

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Anthony E. Wills. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays two and a quarter hours. An effective and up-to-date play well suited for amateur performance. All the parts good and fairly even in point of opportunity; the ladies' parts especially so. Easy to stage, and well suited for schools. Well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE MISHAPS OF MINERVA

A Farce in Two Acts by Bertha Currier Porter. Five males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays one and a half hours. An exceptionally bright and amusing little play of high class and recommended to all classes of amateur players. Full of action and laughs, but refined. Irish low comedy part. Strongly endorsed.

Price, 25 cents

MR. KELLEY FROM KALAMAZOO

A Farce in Three Acts

By Macpherson Janney

Eight males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays a full evening. Professional rights reserved. Prentice, out of favor with a rich uncle who supports him because he declines to marry a girl the uncle has picked out, encounters her by accident and has to masquerade as "Mr. Kelley." The encounter is complicated by the presence of Ted Strong, of the St. Louis "Nationals" and the Rev. Ernest Frey, both of whom get mixed up with "Kelley" and with one another. It finally appears that his uncle's choice and the girl for whom Prentice has thrown her over are one and the same and all ends well. An exceptionally bright and laughable farce; characters first class; situations side-splitting, dialogue very funny. A sure hit and can be recommended for schools.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

CLARENCE PRENTICE, *more or less a gentleman of leisure.*

HENRY TETLOW, *his uncle, an impressario.*

RUFÉ KING, *his brother-in-law.*

THE REV. ERNEST FREY, *rector of St. Benedict's, Heathfield Parish.*

TED STRONG, *late of the St. Louis "Nationals."*

IGNATZ DEMAREST ROGERS, *a syncopated genius.*

BARTON, *butler at the Tetlows'.*

JIM, *a policeman.*

MADELAINE SANDERSON, *Tetlow's ward.*

MARY KING, *his niece.*

LESLIE HILL, *late of the "Folies Bergeres."*

Students of Raeton College.

SCENE.—Tetlow's home, Raeton.

TIME.—The opening night of college.

THE VILLAGE POSTMISTRESS

A Rural Comedy Drama in Three Acts

By Bertha Currier Porter

Six males, six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours. Alice, a nameless girl who lives with the Websters, is loved by the idolized son of the family. The mother, learning of this, turns her out of the house into the storm in his absence. The search that follows her departure discovers her to be the daughter of an early lover of the woman who sent her away. She is finally found and all ends happily. A simple but powerful story told by a cast of strong and well-drawn characters. Plenty of humor; clean and bright. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

THE HEIRESS HUNTERS

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Seven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays two hours and twenty minutes. Upon the dark days of Tom, Dick and Harry, author, artist and musician respectively, starving in a New York garret under the dominion of the Widow Wood, dawns the radiant vision of Amethyst Lake, heiress and belle of Kokomo, and a lively competition for her affections at once ensues, greatly complicated by divers previous attachments to La Lolita, the Widow and other energetic ladies. Two hours of highly amusing excitement; all the parts good; very funny. Professional stage-rights reserved. Well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

TOM TIMMONS, <i>author</i>	} <i>The Heiress Hunters.</i>
DICK CHETWYND (<i>Lora Richard Chetwynd</i>), <i>artist</i>	
HARRY CLIVE, <i>musician</i>	
MAJOR MORANN, <i>Tom's uncle and Amethyst's guardian.</i>	
WHIMPER, <i>the only butler in Kokomo.</i>	
AMETHYST LAKE, <i>the heiress.</i>	
NELL GRAY, <i>a true American girl.</i>	
LA LOLITA, <i>a model young lady from Spain.</i>	
MRS. BALLOU, <i>Amethyst's aunt, with social aspirations.</i>	
THE WIDOW WOOD, <i>who could blame her?</i>	
JOHN PATRICK WOOD, <i>aged fourteen.</i>	
PANDORA WOOD, <i>aged thirteen.</i>	
ROSELLA WOOD, <i>aged six</i>	} <i>no lines to speak.</i>
BIJAH WOOD, <i>a mere splinter</i>	

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The Castle of the Three Musketeers. Off for Kokomo.

ACT II.—The lawn at Lakemont, Kokomo, Indiana. The Widow Wood.

ACT III.—Evening party at Lakemont. Cupid shoots right and left.

THE GREAT CHICKEN CASE

A Mock Trial

By Allan Burns

Eight males, four females and jury. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant. Plays one hour and forty-five minutes. Henry Henpeck is charged with the larceny of one chicken intended for the consumption of the Ladies' Aid Society of Pumpkin Corners. Very funny and full of local hits, adapted to any locality. Two songs introduced, if desired. A strong addition to the too small list of such entertainments.

Price, 25 cents

THE CAMP-FIRE GIRLS

A Comedy in Four Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Fifteen female characters and seven children who do not speak. Scenery, one interior and two exteriors; costumes modern and Indian. Plays a full evening. An admirable vehicle for spreading the principles of this helpful order as well as an interesting and effective entertainment suitable for any occasion. Peggy Malone, the little drudge, is a part of enormous sympathy; Zingara, the gypsy, very picturesque and dramatic; and Mollie Mealy, the old maid, a scream. Very strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

PEGGY MALONE, *a little drudge.*

MRS. BACON, *a boarding-house keeper.*

BEULAH MARIE, *her daughter, aged seventeen.*

MISS HENRIETTA DASH, *a newspaper reporter.*

MISS MOLLIE MEALY, *an old maid, so sentimental.*

MISS LEE, *the guardian of the camp.*

ZINGARA, *a wandering gypsy.*

NEETA, *a little gypsy song-bird.*

NELL MASON

MARGERY GILMORE

BETTY THURSTON

NAN LESTER

MELISSA HICKS

DORIS GRAY

PHYLLIS MARVIN

Camp-Fire Girls.

SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAMMES

ACT I. Christmas day in a boarding-house. The poor little drudge. Beulah entertains the camp. Peggy dreams.

ACT II. The dream. The Princess Pocahontas.

ACT III. Same as Act I. The awakening. Her cup of misery.

ACT IV. A gypsy camp. The Carnegie medal. Happiness at last.

OUR BOYS

A Comedy in Three Acts

By H. J. Byron

A new edition of this evergreen comedy, reprinted from an acting copy and containing all the "gags" and stage business employed in professional performances of the piece, arranged for amateur production by Frank W. Fowle, following the traditions of the Boston Museum. Starting with a run of more than 1,500 nights in its original production, no existing play has had a larger or more universal success in the theatre than this. Very easy to produce and a sure hit in amateur theatricals.

Price, 15 cents

RED ACRE FARM

A Rural Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Gordan V. May. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior, one exterior. Plays two hours. An easy and entertaining play with a well-balanced cast of characters. The story is strong and sympathetic and the comedy element varied and amusing. Barnaby Strutt is a great part for a good comedian; "Junior" a close second. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE COUNTRY MINISTER

A Comedy Drama in Five Acts by Arthur Lewis Tubbs. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery not difficult. Plays a full evening. A very sympathetic piece, of powerful dramatic interest; strong and varied comedy relieves the serious plot. Ralph Underwood, the minister, is a great part, and Roxy a strong soubrette; all parts are good and full of opportunity. Clean, bright and strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE COLONEL'S MAID

A Comedy in Three Acts by C. Leona Dalrymple. Six males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening. An exceptionally bright and amusing comedy, full of action; all the parts good. Capital Chinese low comedy part; two first-class old men. This is a very exceptional piece and can be strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

MOSE

A Comedy in Three Acts by C. W. Miles. Eleven males, ten females. Scenery, two interiors; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. A lively college farce, full of the true college spirit. Its cast is large, but many of the parts are small and incidental. Introduces a good deal of singing, which will serve to lengthen the performance. Recommended highly for co-educational colleges.

Price, 15 cents

OUR WIVES

A Farce in Three Acts by Anthony E. Wills. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half. A bustling, up-to-date farce, full of movement and action; all the parts good and effective; easy to produce; just the thing for an experienced amateur club and hard to spoil, even in the hands of less practical players. Free for amateur performance.

Price, 25 cents

THE SISTERHOOD OF BRIDGET

A Farce in Three Acts by Robert Elwin Ford. Seven males, six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, easy interiors. Plays two hours. An easy, effective and very humorous piece turning upon the always interesting servant girl question. A very unusual number of comedy parts; all the parts good. Easy to get up and well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

A NEW START

A Comedy in Four Acts

By C. A. Pellanus

Seven males, two females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a half. A very funny play intended for performance by boys or young men.

CHARACTERS

MR. W. WRIGHTUP, <i>alias</i>	}	<i>a medical student.</i>
DR. PHIL GRAVES, R.S.V.P., P.T.O.		
MICHAEL SPOWDER, <i>his servant, from Tipperary.</i>		
COLONEL AILMENT, <i>a patient.</i>		
MISS O'PHEE, <i>a patient.</i>		
THOMAS WROTTER, <i>an ambitious youth.</i>		
MRS. LANGWIDGE, <i>his aunt, of British origin.</i>		
MR. PERCY VEERING, <i>an attorney.</i>		
A LABORING MAN.		

Price, 15 cents

TOO CLEVER BY HALF

A Comedy in Three Acts

By C. A. Pellanus

Six males, two females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a quarter. Very lively and funny; intended for performance by boys or young men.

CHARACTERS

JUDGE SIMEON ADAMS, <i>a well-to-do, kindly, pompous old bachelor.</i>		
MISS BURGESS, <i>his housekeeper. With matrimonial schemes.</i>		
NATHAN DEAN, <i>the village constable. Fat-witted, and gullible.</i>		
HOWARD FOSTER, <i>a Pinkerton detective. Too clever by half.</i>		
MONSIEUR GASPARD, <i>a Chef d'Orchestre.</i>		
B. FLAT	}	<i>musicians. Britishers.</i>
A. SHARP		
MRS. WORDY, <i>landlady of the village inn.</i>		

Price, 15 cents

THE FIRST DAY OF THE HOLIDAYS

A Comedy in Four Acts

By C. A. Pellanus

Six male characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a half. An exceptionally brisk and humorous piece intended for male characters only.

CHARACTERS

PROF. B. WILLDARD, <i>a naturalist. A short-sighted old man.</i>		
JOB SHIRKER, <i>a shoemaker. Envious of other men's success.</i>		
JOSEPH SHIRKER, <i>his son. A tramp.</i>		
HENRY COPPER, <i>a police officer and a duffer, born in England.</i>		
TOM BOUNDER	}	<i>schoolboys. Impertinent and full of high spirits.</i>
JIM BOUNDER		

Price, 15 cents

THE VILLAGE POST-OFFICE

An Entertainment in One Scene by Jessie A. Kelley. Twenty-two males and twenty females are called for, but one person may take several parts and some characters may be omitted. The stage is arranged as a country store and post-office in one. Costumes are rural and funny. Plays a full evening. Full of "good lines" and comical incident and character. Strongly recommended for church entertainments or general use; very wholesome and clean. *Price, 25 cents*

MISS FEARLESS & CO.

A Comedy in Three Acts by Belle Marshall Locke. Ten females. Scenery, two interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening. A bright and interesting play full of action and incident. Can be strongly recommended. All the parts are good. Sarah Jane Lovejoy, Katie O'Connor and Euphemia Addison are admirable character parts, and Miss Alias and Miss Alibi, the "silent sisters," offer a side-splitting novelty. *Price, 25 cents*

LUCIA'S LOVER

A Farce in Three Acts by Bertha Currier Porter. Eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a half. A bright and graceful piece, light in character, but sympathetic and amusing. Six contrasted types of girls at boarding-school are shown in a novel story. Lots of fun, but very refined. Easy to produce and can be strongly recommended. *Price, 25 cents*

A GIRL IN A THOUSAND

A Comedy in Four Acts by Evelyn Gray Whiting. Fourteen females. Costumes, modern; scenes, three interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening. Very strong and sympathetic and of varied interest. Irish comedy; strong "witch" character; two very lively "kids"; all the parts good. Effective, easy to produce, and can be strongly recommended as thoroughly wholesome in tone as well as amusing. *Price, 25 cents*

MRS. BRIGGS OF THE POULTRY YARD

A Comedy in Three Acts by Evelyn Gray Whiting. Four males, seven females. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. A domestic comedy looking steadfastly at the "bright side" of human affairs. Mrs. Briggs is an admirable part, full of original humor and quaint sayings, and all the characters are full of opportunity. Simply but effectively constructed, and written with great humor. Plays two hours. *Price, 25 cents*

TOMMY'S WIFE

A Farce in Three Acts by Marie J. Warren. Three males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a half. Originally produced by students of Wellesley College. A very original and entertaining play, distinguished by abundant humor. An unusually clever piece, strongly recommended. *Price, 25 cents*

A REGIMENT OF TWO

A Farical Comedy in Three Acts by Anthony E. Wills. Six males, four females. Modern costumes. Scene, an interior, the same for all three acts. Plays a full evening. A lively, up-to-date farce, easy to produce and full of laughs from beginning to end. All the parts good—no small ones. German comedy characters for both male and female, and "wild west" character part and English character comedy. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

MISS BUZBY'S BOARDERS

A Comedy in Three Acts by Arthur Lewis Tubbs. Five male, six female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, two easy interiors. Plays two hours. In a lighter vein than this writer's other pieces, but just as strong, and offers plenty of comedy. All the parts good; four call for strong acting. Several good character parts and effective heavy character. Dialogue especially good. A sure hit.

Price, 25 cents

VALLEY FARM

A Drama in Four Acts by Arthur Lewis Tubbs. Six males, six females. Scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Costumes, modern. An admirable play for amateurs, very sympathetic in theme, and with lots of good parts. Hetty is a strong lead, and Perry Deane and Silas great parts; while Azariah, Lizy Ann Tucker and Verbena are full of fun. Plays a full evening.

Price, 25 cents

THE MISSING MISS MILLER

A Comedy in Three Acts by Harold A. Clarke. Six males, five females. Scenery, two interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening. A bright and up-to-date farce comedy of the liveliest type. All the parts good; full of opportunity for all hands. Easy to produce and strongly recommended. Good tone; might answer for schools, but is a sure hit for amateur theatricals. Professional stage rights reserved.

Price, 25 cents

OUT OF TOWN

A Comedy in Three Acts by Bell Elliot Palmer. Three males, five females. Scene, an interior, the same for all three acts; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. A clever and interesting comedy, very easy to produce and recommended for amateur performance. All the parts good. A safe piece for a fastidious audience, as its theme and treatment are alike beyond reproach.

Price, 25 cents

GADSBY'S GIRLS

A Farce in Three Acts by Bertha Currier Porter. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an exterior and an interior. Plays an hour and a half. An exceptionally bright and vivacious little piece, full of action. Gadsby's adventures with the fiancées of three of his friends are full of interest and fun. All the parts good. Well suited for high school performance.

Price, 25 cents

TAKING THE CENSUS IN BINGVILLE

An Entertainment in One Act by Jessie A. Kelley. Fourteen males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant. Plays an hour and a half. One of the always popular go-as-you-please entertainments; just a lot of laughs strung on a very slender wire of story. Full of eccentric character bits and chances for local hits. A sure success for the laughter-loving. Recommended for church societies or intimate communities.

Price, 25 cents

MISS PRIM'S KINDERGARTEN

An Entertainment in One Scene by Jessie A. Kelley. Ten males, eleven females. No scenery or curtain needed; costumes introduce grown people dressed as children. Plays an hour and a half. Full of laughs and a sure hit with the audience. All the parts very easy except the Teacher's, and as it is possible for her to use a book, the entertainment can be got up with exceptional ease and quickness. Can be recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE PACKING OF THE HOME MISSIONARY BARREL

An Entertainment in One Scene by Mrs. Henry A. Hallock. Ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant. Plays thirty minutes. One of those little satires of feminine ways that are so popular even with the ladies; very shrewd and effective, but perfectly good-natured. An assured success and very easy to get up. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

A MODERN SEWING SOCIETY

An Entertainment in One Scene by O. W. Gleason. Fourteen females. Costumes, modern; no scenery required. May be easily presented on a bare platform. Plays forty-five minutes. A humorous picture of this much-abused institution, briskly and vivaciously written and full of "points." Its characters offer a wide variety of opportunity for local hits, and satire of local characters and institutions.

Price, 15 cents

HOW THE CLUB WAS FORMED

An Entertainment in Three Scenes by Mrs. O. W. Gleason. Eighteen females. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant. Plays one and a half hours. A humorous skit on the Woman's Club suited for performance by either young or middle-aged women. Full of points and chances for local hits and thus a sure laugh-maker. Parts well distributed; can be recommended.

Price, 15 cents

SCENES IN THE UNION DEPOT

A Humorous Entertainment in One Scene by Laura M. Parsons. Twenty-four males, eighteen females and eight children, but can be played by less if desired. Scenery, unimportant; costumes, modern. Full of humorous points and chances to introduce local hits. Plays from an hour up, according to specialties introduced.

Price, 25 cents

LOVE AND TEA

A Comedy Drama of Colonial Times in Two Acts

By Anna Phillips See

Two males, six females. Scenery, a single interior; costumes of the period. Plays an hour and a half. Miss Boltwood, a despotic spinster, joins a band of ladies who forswear tea until the war is over. Her niece, Betty, whose engagement she opposes, catches her in the act of secretly indulging and thus forces her consent. A clever and amusing picture of the period that can be strongly recommended. Fine colored comedy character. All the parts good.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MISS LAVINIA BOLTWOOD, *a despotic spinster.*

BETTY BOLTWOOD, *her niece.*

MRS. COWLES, *a neighbor.*

MRS. ADAMS, *another.*

MRS. STRONG, *the village gossip.*

MANDY, *slave of Miss Boltwood's.*

JUDGE INGRAM, *a middle-aged bachelor of mild Tory sentiments.*

WILLIAM DICKINSON, *a fiery young minuteman.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The living-room of a comfortable village home, a few days after the Battle of Lexington.

ACT II.—The same, not long after the Battle of Bunker Hill.

THE HAPPY DAY

A Farce in One Act

By Octavia Roberts

Seven female characters. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays half an hour. Sybil Marlowe, a bride, worried to death by the burden of preparation for a fashionable wedding and on the eve of a quarrel with her fiancé over the strenuous entertainments of her friends, cuts the knot when an impossible country cousin turns up with a demand to serve as bridesmaid, and gets married on the quiet. Very bright and lively and strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

THIS IS SO SUDDEN

A Farce in One Act

By Macpherson Fanny

Five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single easy interior. Plays twenty minutes. Jack, a male, who does not appear, and who has been living on intimate platonic terms with three "bachelor girls" for a long time, is suddenly seized with a bad attack of "matrimonium tremens" and at the opening of the piece has suddenly proposed to all three of them with explosive results. The excitement is great while it lasts, but it finally appears that two of the three are protected by the vaccination of previous engagements, so that the right one gets him. Very bright, animated and funny. Well recommended.

Price, 15 cents

H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

MID-CHANNEL Play in Four Acts. Six males, five females.
Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors.
Plays two and a half hours.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors.
Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior, costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Scenery, three interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

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No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts



The William Warren Edition of Plays

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AS YOU LIKE IT Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

CAMILLE Drama in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

INGOMAR Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

MARY STUART Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period; scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

RICHELIEU Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

THE RIVALS Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

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